The SPHERE
Vol. CXXIX. No. 1685 MAY 7, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

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The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

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ARE ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE

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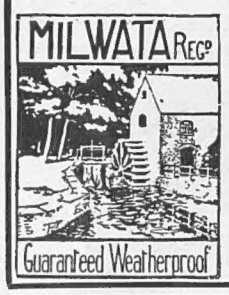
is our popular Guinea Coat for Men and Women, and is the Smartest and Most Reliable in the World. It is cut with ample fullness, sewn and taped seams, wide double-breasted fronts, and deep buggy lining.

Supplied by all the leading Outfitters in every Town. Insist on buying this Coat and have complete satisfaction for - - 21/-



Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the labels and tickets.

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"Milwata House,"
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—even in those days

. . . when bed-linen was all frills and flounces, the vogue was for Irish Linen by Robinson & Cleaver. This famous firm has been supplying the finest linens for over half a century—their quality is the same to-day, but prices are much lower. Call or send for the Illustrated Irish Linen Catalogue—post free.

IRISH LINEN SHEETS

"Hardwear" quality, very strong and long wearing; Hand-hemstitched.

2×3 yds., single bed, pair 29/6

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Pillow cases to match. 20 × 30 ins., Hem-stitched - each 5/6

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an easy way of buying the latest bond street models. yours upon payment of the first instalment. if you cannot call at the showrooms and select a corot model ensemble, costume, coat, afternoon or evening gown personally, post the coupon below for the corot spring and summer fashion guide and full particulars of this plan.

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attractive suit of fine wool mousse with separate cape. jacket is double breasted and has a frilled basque. decorative bows are slotted and held by bright buttons. exclusive colours **cash 5½ gns.** **16/6 monthly**

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post this coupon to corot to-day
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Just as comfortable when they are old as on the day you bought them. The fine Egyptian cotton is woven on the curve and tailored to fit perfectly. Cheaper laundry and no shrinking—points well worth remembering. Ideal for business as well as sport, and ***entirely British.*** 25 million sold every year. In White, Colours and Stripes.

VAN HEUSEN

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THE ORIGINAL SEMI-STIFF COLLAR

STYLE 11 STYLE 55 STYLE 88 STYLE 99

Sole Manufacturers
HARDING TILTON & HARTLEY Ltd
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BREAST SUPPORTER

Invaluable for all purposes

BEWARE OF HARMFUL SUBSTITUTES, which neither give support, uplift, nor fit.

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

ALSO A NEW INVENTION FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on Application.

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.
Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

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WITHOUT & WITH

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **47/6**

Loose breasts or maternity, **32/6**
White material.

For drooping, heavy figures, **38/6**

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

White fine material, **15/6**

Small Figures only. Waterproof or rubber, from **25/6**

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Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular.

If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

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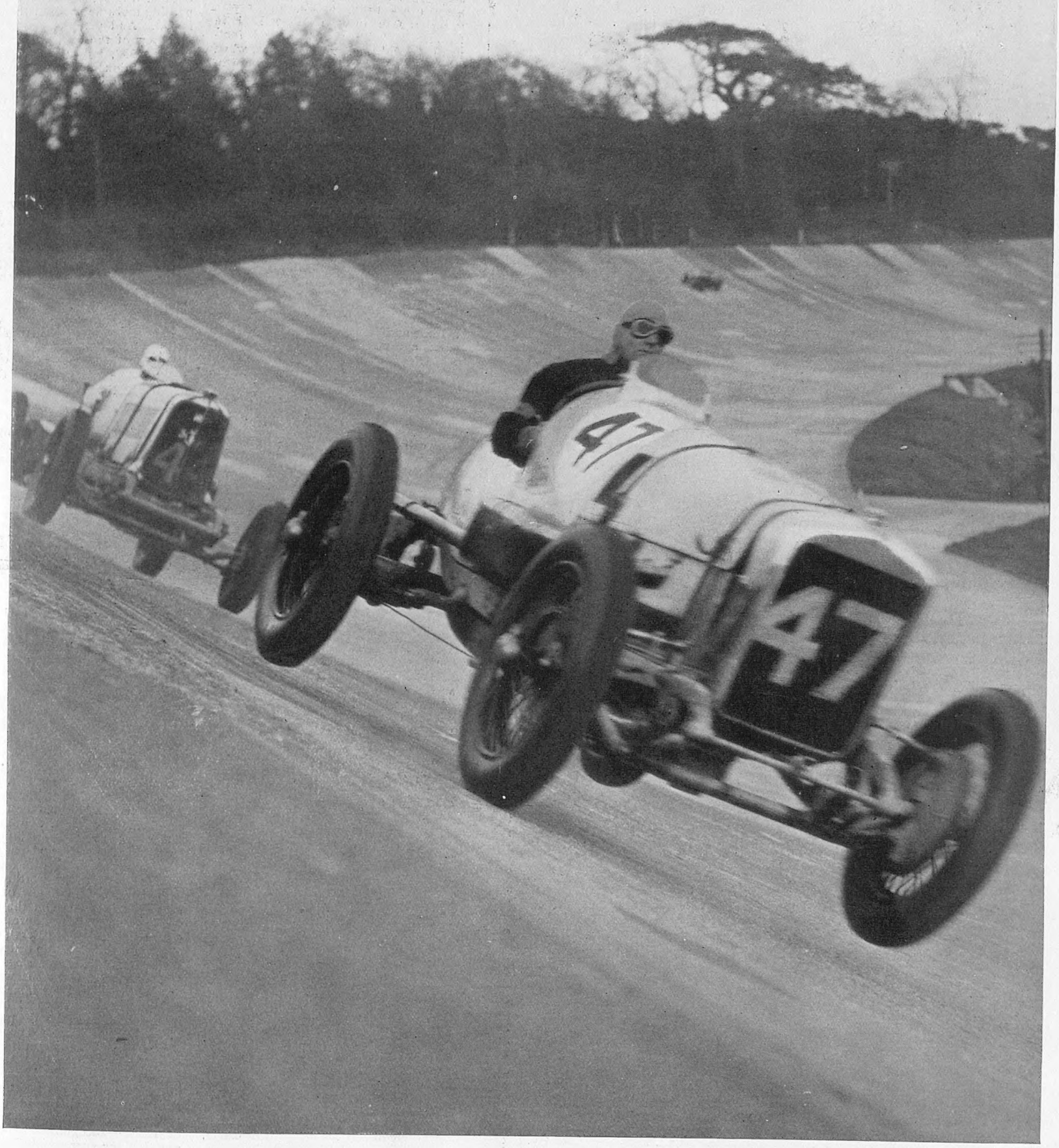
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 7, 1932



THE THRILL OF SPEED IN MODERN LIFE

A Neck to Neck Struggle between Two Notable Drivers at Brooklands Race Track—A Remarkable Day in Brooklands' History

A serious dispute took place at Brooklands last week-end when Mr. John Cobb crossed the finishing line in the British Empire Trophy race one second ahead of Mr. G. E. T. Eyston; for the loser claimed that he was given no opportunity to pass in accordance with the instructions issued to drivers. This claim was allowed after three hours' debate among the stewards. Mr. Cobb is appealing to the R.A.C. against the decision. One lap was covered by Mr. Eyston at 131.41 m.p.h.—a record for the 8,000 c.c. class of car. Apart from the dispute the race developed a great thrill, for first a duel was fought between Mr. Eyston and Sir Henry Birkin, and, on the latter's retiring owing to engine trouble, between Messrs. Cobb and Eyston. The former passed within 15 miles of the end of the 100-mile race; while Eyston's tyres almost collapsed during the last three minutes. When this picture was taken, Cobb (Delage. No. 47) was in the lead with Eyston (Panhard, No. 44) sitting on his tail, not able to pass in the straight; not daring to pass on the banking

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A London New

PARI MUTUEL INSPECTS THE "TOTE": M. Henri Oller, the head of the great betting organization in France—Pari Mutuel—is paying a visit to Britain to inspect our electric totalisators. Members of M. Oller's family invented the "tote" in 1865, but those in current use in France are all, with the exception of the installation at Longchamps, hand-operated. It is possible that, as a result of this visit, electric machines may be installed on all French race-courses. Mr. C. A. Munn, the head of the Greyhound Racing Association, is seen above explaining the working of the tote at the White City to M. Oller (in bowler hat)

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 4, 1932.

THE PRINCE, YOUTH AND INDUSTRY.

—Looking back dispassionately over these fourteen post-War years I have reached some conclusions about the Prince of Wales whose career interests me particularly, less as a Prince and Heir-Apparent than as a man with a peculiarly difficult and not altogether enviable position in life. I judge that no man in his position ever found such opportunities to his hand for the exercise of his particular gifts, that no man ever realized those opportunities so completely nor so shrewdly and discriminatingly exploited them. The world has been pleased to identify him eternally with youth, with the rising generation. If he lives to be old he will still remain identified in our minds with youth. His inclinations, as his training, have been ever modern and democratic and in the romance of modern industry and new methods he has found the interest which many of his kind have found and still find in the traditions and privileges of the past, which are often the most valued inheritance of princes. Thus circumstance and his own volition have conspired to identify the Prince of Wales with youth and industry. We call him the champion of youth and the first commercial traveller in the nation. Looking back over his record in these spheres, to Wembley, to many British Industries Fairs, to the Buenos Aires Exhibition, to a score of industrial tours, to the British Legion, Toc H., and so on, one is struck first of all by the extraordinary impetus and encouragement which every one of these efforts of his has given. He is surely a coiner of the only workable currency, Hope. And immediately after one is struck by a less cheerful reflection. That splendid impetus, those life-giving hopes have not achieved the results they deserved and seemed to promise.

. . . .

The reason is obvious. The Prince is not a magician. He cannot cure civilization of its handicaps and disease and blindness and madness by a touch. But on that account, is his service less valuable or less practical, is his judgment less shrewd? I am clear on the point. His is the most insidious, the most telling, the most successful progaganda that advertising men can devise for ailing industries and broken hopes. It is that form of advertising whose results burgeon suddenly in a night as summer now comes to England with no spring interposed between it and winter. Suddenly a day comes when such and such a commodity, such and such a name, is on every lip; suddenly a day will dawn when once more to England will come the conviction that Youth is abroad with a mission, to revive our lost hopes, to succour industry, to crush the monsters of unemployment and disillusion and cynicism and despair. The Prince's methods are of that kind, insidious, all-pervading, percolating.

"For while the tired waves, vainly
breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to
gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets
making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the
main."

I commend to his notice that poem of Clough's, "Say Not the Struggle." It may bring, in this lingering winter, comfort to him and to those whose cause he has embraced.

THE SEASON.

—The London Season has officially begun. It makes us middle-aged men gasp to compare the nature and significance of that event to-day and yesterday. In the nineteen hundreds, when the glass of fashion was seen at 8.15 each evening streaming along every thoroughfare, and across every square in the West End in barouches (with silk-stockinged footmen), broughams, and hansoms, when champagne flowed like water, and ortolans and pêches Melba were ladled out, to be toyed with by spoilt young gentlemen at perhaps seven supper tables every night; when glittering receptions of the type depicted in *Cavalcade* took place thrice a week in the great private palaces (why, by the way, did Noel Coward, in his careful research after accuracy, not trouble to find out how the nobility announced their titles at such receptions? I can assure him, if he care for accuracy, that you never heard "The Countess of " or "The Hon. Mrs. " announced, but "Lady " and "Mrs. "); when the Opera House looked like a dirty barn transformed into Aladdin's palace of jewels, when High Life was all ease and diamonds, and a privileged class moved with dignity on velvet. And now, in the 1930's, when many cadets of that same once privileged class must refuse dinner invitations because their white waistcoat will be at the wash, when "golden lads and girls" must first pool their loose silver before they can plan their evening's fun, when the ball supper is taken standing, and is represented by sandwiches and beer. How startling the contrast, and how significant! How healthy the change, and how much for the better socially and politically! The great days of Mayfair are numbered with those of Versailles, and one by one the barriers fall.

THE ACADEMY—A SUDDEN THOUGHT.

—Every year since the War I have asked myself the question: What is the ultimate fate of all these pictures in their beautiful frames? And no one ever supplies the answer. Comparatively few are sold nowadays. Some of the lucky ones used to be shipped overseas to decorate Down-Town Clubs in the chief cities of the Dominions. For the majority, it is to-day "imputantur et . . . pereunt." So much promise and hard work and high hope wasted. Why, I ask myself, must it be so? The present slump is, of course, merely an accidental and temporary explanation. The thing goes deeper. I tumbled suddenly to the clue last Friday. The modern painter has ceased to supply the public with a commodity for which they have a use, as they have a use for boots or shaving soap. He offers them now himself, his ideas, his courage, his creed, if you will the expression of his contempt for the past, for convention, for tradition. He offers it contemptuously and retires to his garret to starve. Two hundred years ago the portrait-painter was a tradesman photographer. He went round and "took likenesses" of master and mistress, young hopeful, and the old keeper; he painted the manor house and the hunters in the paddock. He supplied a need. And later, when industry raised its ugly head, he satisfied the new rich man's craving to be "done in oils," and to have recorded his ancestral castle, bought cheap. He painted the alderman as the alderman conceived himself to be, and he asked and received a fat cheque for his sacrifice. Even the landscape-painter was supplying a commodity. Leader gave the pioneer hikers a lively and eternal memorial of "that wonderful June evening when we picnicked by the Wye. Absolutely life-like. You can almost pick those buttercups." Was it (in England) the pupils of Sickert who first began to despise (in a practical way) the money-bags of the clients, and to thrust before Midas who was still clamouring for fancy bread, the cold and indigestible stone of an artist's soul, his art, his personality? To-day nothing remains to tempt Midas to buy save that one golden outside chance in a hundred that he may spot a winner, may buy cheap some "unintelligible daub" which Posterity will one day declare a masterpiece. If an artist's hopes depend to-day on that hope of a hope, that artist must feed on nothing more substantial than hope deferred. And yet, as a matter of fact, a first view of the exhibits at Burlington House, 1932, indicate a marked return to convention and Victorian tradition. Perhaps economic necessity is beginning to exert its influence towards a reaction.

THE CAVALCADE PASSES ON.

—One must do something in London after dinner, and so I took my familiar way along the pavement worn down by pilgrims, to the shrine of all our yesterdays at Drury Lane. And—journalist's luck favouring me—I came in for another "first night" of *Cavalcade*, and an author's speech from the stage. Noel Coward himself responded to a call, strolled in, kissed Mary Clare, and whispered to us how marvellous it was to come back after six months to find his marvellous company playing still to a marvellous house. Certainly the sensation must be marvellous. The months pass and *Cavalcade* still draws thousands of pounds a week. But a curious thing struck me. As the months pass the final date of the last scenes, "To-day," naturally change. June, 1931, becomes April, 1932, and onwards. And as the date changes, the scenes which represent the changing date, themselves grow "dated." Indeed "To-day," with its label of March, 1932, seemed to me curiously out of date, a period piece more remote than December, 1899. So rapidly to-day do our fashions and habits of thought change. As *Cavalcade* passes on I fancy we shall have to scrap the first scenes to make way for a new presentment of 1931, 1932. Things are happening as significant as the Boer or the World Wars, and *Cavalcade*—that institution—must keep abreast of the times.

CHARLES MORGAN.

—To attain excellence in your profession and to be acknowledged by the public as a master of your craft are two events usually separated widely in time. (An unknown man may write a best seller and become famous, or rather well-known in a night, but best sellers are in a category apart, and in any case seldom achieve immortality). A man turns out fine work and one or two of the few discerning critics discover, and mildly proclaim, its worth. The bulk of the tribe, who follow one another, keeping half an eye on the announced sales in thousands or impressions (those curiously elastic yardsticks), do nothing at all to make his name better known to the public. The man slogs on calmly (the very essence of his work reveals that he writes not for fame or fortune but calmly for the love of his art) and then suddenly one day the public begins to repeat his name. They know not why—they have forgot (if they ever read) his earlier books. A great writer has suddenly emerged and he owes nothing at all to the boost of his publishers or the chorus of praise from reviewers—that is indeed a sine quâ non of merit—recognized as opposed to notoriety or success attained. And so with Charles Morgan. We (the men in the street) are suddenly aware that a man has newly emerged skilled like hundreds in the novel form, but rare in the possession of greater qualities—a mastery of English prose, a depth, a subtlety, a sense of the harmonies which belong to immortal souls, a sense of the rhythm of an ordered and disciplined life and the rhythm of words chosen and arranged with nicety and judgment. His prose and the calmness of his philosophy flow through our tired and fevered minds like a mountain stream, and beside him the bulk of his contemporary writers appear little, hectic, and commercial.

sletter

THE DANGERS OF OPTIMISM.

—As the night drags on—the eternal economic night—the voice of protest is sometimes raised against the pessimists and those who will not keep passing on the trite saying that it is darkest ere the dawn. Yet it is not easy to discover the form of optimism that pleases. We tried in the Press, being optimistic about Mr. Chamberlain's Budget intentions, and we were not only grievously disappointed but roundly snubbed for our good intentions. Sir Robert Horne, that genial man of affairs, was lately rubbing his hands over the miraculous improvement in our position in the last six months. But he too was warned against the dangers implicit in the policy "encourager les autres" in a nation as resilient as ours. The Shakespeare celebrations gave several publicists the bright notion that after all, a fragment of "our English heritage" remains; and that, to increase our good name abroad, we should boost assets with trebled activity. And this brilliant idea for a brighter view of England brought out the trustees of this surviving heritage like a swarm of hornets. Boosting (buzzed they) has already vulgarized Friday Street, Cheddar, etc., beyond redemption and a little more publicity will bring the last acre of England to the æsthetic standard of Hindhead or Brighton Front. Leave us in peace, leave us to our misery and these few acres.

LOST HERO-WORSHIP.—

Mrs. Wintringham, voicing the Liberal women of England, declared unequivocally last week that hero-worship was dead and that the Liberal Party lacked a leader whom the loyalists of the Party could honour and follow. And she might have added that politics to-day and the other parties were in the same plight. This disappearance of hero-worship is one of the most significant changes in our social life. Can I ever forget the rampancy of hero-worship in my youth, when Gladstone was to his supporters the Archangel Gabriel, and to his opponents Lucifer, but to no single Englishman a cipher, a mere human being. Can I forget that in the Boer War we raised on pinnacles the most mediocre and even grossly incompetent generals and never made a move to idealize the greater War leaders? This change is definitely a change for the worse. Man, born free, is everywhere in chains. He was made to follow a leader slavishly, to set up an ideal, and without one he is a sheep without a shepherd. What has caused the change? First and foremost, of course, the appalling difficulties in the way of successful leadership, the almost certain failure, in the face of immovable obstacles, of the strongest governments. But also in less degree the narrow-minded, self-seeking, party spirit of post-War leadership. And the political leader chiefly responsible for destroying that vital national asset, hero-worship, is himself a Liberal.

THOUGHTS ON MARYLEBONE.

—Captain Cunningham Reid may once more subscribe himself M.P. I will record some of my sympathy for unfortunates caught up in this sad little family quarrel. I felt sorry for Marylebone for being so freely and so confidently labelled a safe seat for Conservatism. For voters are mere dummies if they are denied the one natural asset which distinguishes them from beasts—the ability to change their minds on a logical and reasoned basis. I felt sorry for Mr. Baldwin for having to pucker his permanently puzzled brow and declare one more *non possumus*. I felt sorry for Captain Reid for finding it necessary for his cause to include himself in the "little band of really promising young men" whom Mr. Baldwin was alleged to encourage to enter Parliament. The inclusion would have come better from outside. But the new member for Marylebone, that impregnable Tory stronghold, is unquestionably promising in the possession of those qualities which enable politicians in England to push their way forward. For not only are his self-assurance and self confidence superb, but his ability to make himself rapidly efficient in every sort of line is very remarkable. When circumstances required that he should run the famous shooting at Six Mile Bottom, he taught himself to shoot, so as to pass muster in good company, in three years, where it would take most men a decade. And he became a proficient at lawn tennis equally quickly. I doubt not that in two years he will be a marked (and possibly a popular) personality in political life.

THE OLD STAGER.

A SPARK OF HOPE IN A DESPAIRING COUNTRY: The Prince of Wales, with his unerring instinct for the vital gesture at the psychological moment, has just toured the depressed areas of Tyneside, which have been so badly hit by the slump. H.R.H. is seen above being frantically cheered by the men, women, and children of the area who regard his interest not only as a symptom of sympathy in high places, but as a harbinger of better times

MAY IN MINEHEAD: The hobby horse, accompanied by a drummer, welcomes the merry month in the old Somerset town according to tradition. A boy captured undergoes the ordeal of "the boot"; young girls are released on payment of a kiss

MAY AT OXFORD: After the conventional singing from Magdalen Tower, witnessed by crowds on Magdalen Bridge, Morris dancing is celebrated in the ancient University city. Modern exponents of the rite once prevalent all over the country when England was "Merrie England" are seen above at the Martyr's Memorial in the "Giler"

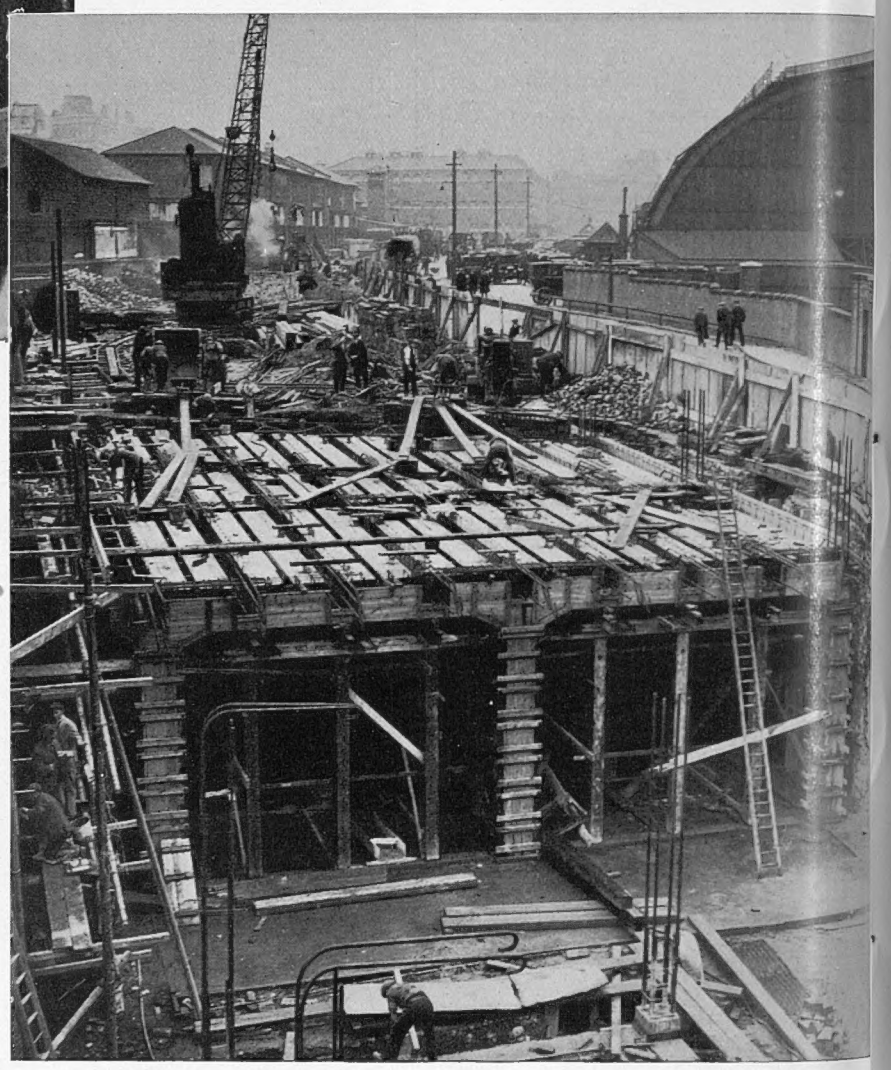
QUEEN OF THE MAY: Miss Laura Glowver, elected to this exalted traditional office, was crowned at the Browning Settlement, Walworth, and is seen above passing in royal procession, attended by her attractively-garbed suite and preceded by her "heralds"

FLOGGING THE STREAM! While subtly-tied flies engross the angler, or a tussle with a wary trout delights the expert, the bent pin on a piece of cotton attached to a bamboo pole provided excitement and amusement enough to the so-called "tiddler squad"—a picture taken on May I on Wimbledon Common

CURRENT NEWS of

THE KING GOES RACING: H.M. with Lord Derby and some friends in the Stand enclosure at Newmarket on the opening day of the Two Thousand Guineas Meeting and the first day of the two Spring Meetings

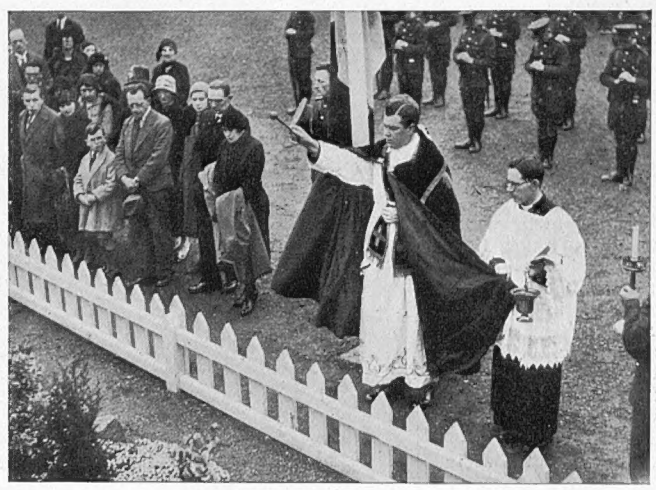
AMERICAN DEBATERS: Miss Rosa Russell, Miss Sally Read, and Miss Ellis Fermor who form the women's debating team of the U.S.A. and are touring Britain. They are seen above with the Bedford College team



MOVING A STATION: Bishop's Road Station, on the Metropolitan line is being engulfed in Paddington's enlargement. At the moment the Metropolitan track is being diverted through two new tunnels which pass under the goods yard en route for Edgware Road

A CANAL BURST IN LEICESTERSHIRE: The damage done at Measham which caused the countryside to be flooded for miles, and the Nuneaton-Burton line impassable a few days ago. Two families were imperilled, but were saved

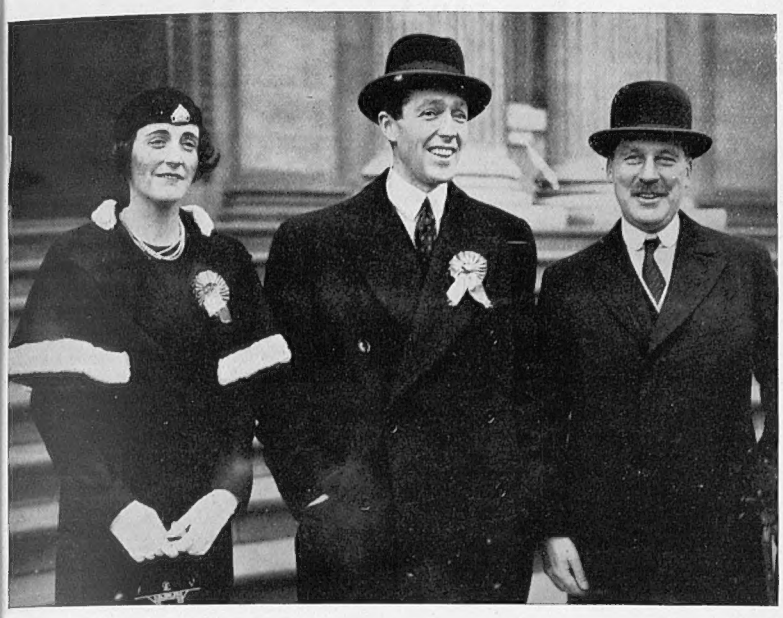
PROTEST: Three young men, to protest against the beer tax, ran a coster's barrow laden with beer through the streets selling it to those who would buy. Although no alcoholism occurred, they were summoned for obstruction



DE VALERA AT HIS FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTION AS PRESIDENT: Father Ryan, Chaplain to the F.S.A., blesses the graves at the commemoration of the 1916 insurrection leaders

SPRING CLEANING Spring clean of to complete.

the PASSING HOUR

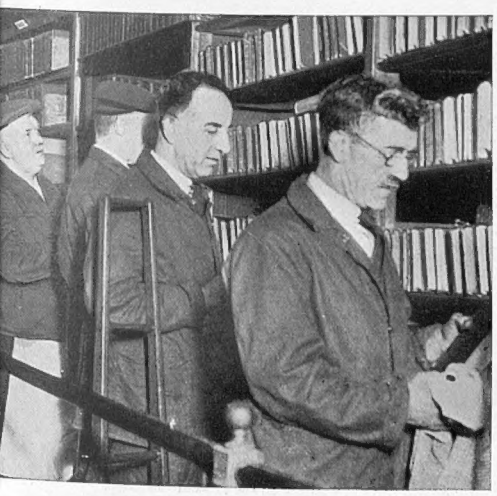


FRIENDLY RIVALS: Captain Cunningham Reid (centre) and Sir Basil Blackett with Mrs. Cunningham Reid. Marylebone by-election was productive of a "Whispering" campaign, but Captain Cunningham Reid, the official candidate, got in

COSMETIC DEMONSTRATION: Members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty give a demonstration of their activities in Hyde Park and in the Albert Hall. The art of making up—with demonstrations—comes into their curriculum

SEEN AT LAST: The carvings on the buttresses of Lambeth Bridge, now almost complete, have been worked over behind screens and wooden huts; now, however, this one has been revealed to laic as well as initiate eyes

UNCHEERED, UNNOTICED, UNKNOWN: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald walks down Whitehall to the House. It is officially stated as we go to press that his eyes need, above all else, rest. An operation was to take place on Wednesday



ISH MUSEUM: Work has commenced in the annual ntless books in the great library—a task that takes six days are seen above dusting some of the volumes

FLOOD: So heavy was the rain of last week that floods are the order of the day at Oxford and its environs. A farmer is seen taking in his cows from a flooded field. The rain of May 2 put acres and acres under water. Over a protracted stretch of country the flood waters attained the depth of a yard or more

GOLD VERSUS S

Humphrey and Vera Joel

THE NEW LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: The new Bank of England building which, with the recrudescence of sterling as opposed to gold, bids fair once again to become the dominant institution of world finance

The World is Bankrupt, the Franco-American Gold Corner having Forced the Price of Gold Disastrously High and the Price of Goods and Commodities Disastrously Low and Broken Down the World Money-Credit Machine. How to Escape from this Situation is the Supreme Problem of the Age. Britain having taken the Constructive Move of Going off Gold, is in a Position now to Strengthen her own Empire and Lead the World Back to Economic Sanity and New Prosperity.

The Romans created a Frankenstein of gold and it destroyed them. That mighty civilization was only an empty shell hollowed out by the collapse of the financial system (due to a debt maze from which no one could find the exit and the failure of the gold supply to keep pace with developments) when the barbarians drove in and smashed the shell to pieces.

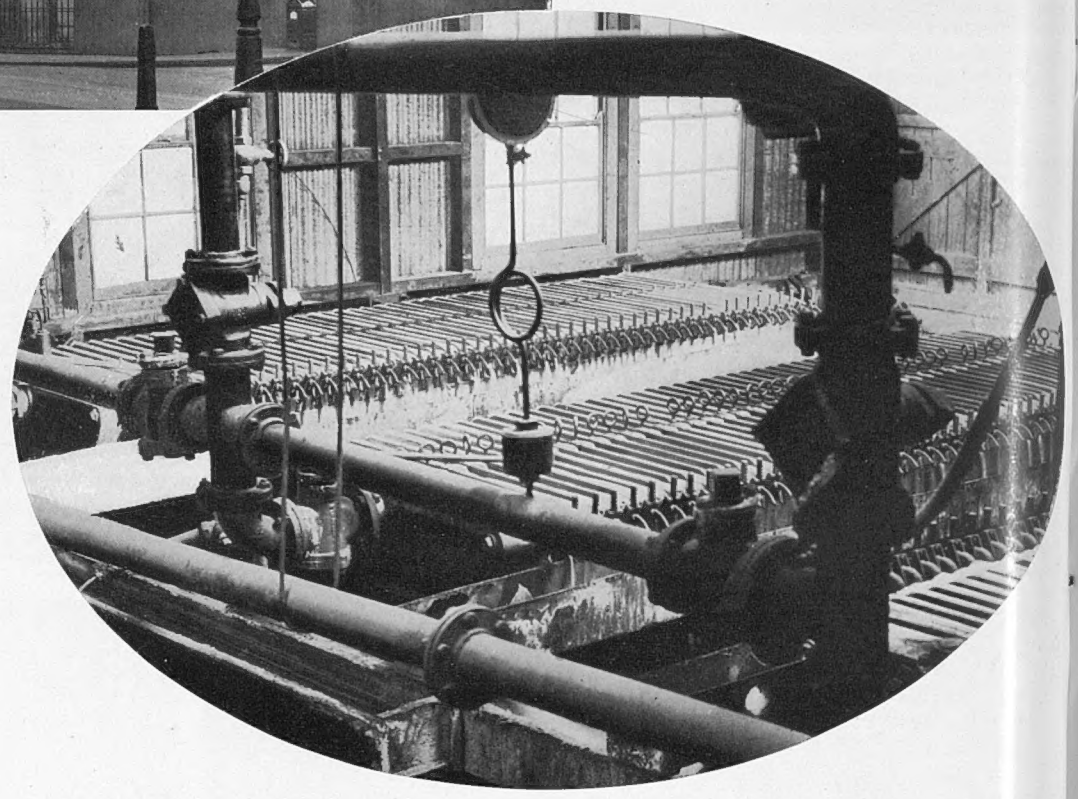
Gold disappeared from the West for centuries. It was lost in the night which fell over Europe. It did not appear again in England until the eleventh century, although in Roman times gold coins had been minted in London and circulated throughout the then known world. Gradually mankind re-established itself upon gold. The intricate money-credit organization upon which our civilization depends now is based upon gold. Gold is the yard-stick against which all values are measured. It remains now to be seen whether men in the machine age will be able to escape from the death clutch which destroyed Rome.

For this civilization appears to have reached the stage approximating to that which existed in the Roman world before the great collapse. It is true that the modern world does not contain barbaric tribes capable of emulating the feats of those who wiped out Rome. But it has bred a barbaric horde equally terrible—the submen whom we know as *bolsheviki*. The Bolshevik is not peculiar to Russia. At every sign of weakening grip, wavering purpose, in times of public stress and trouble, he rises from the gutter, the sewer, the slum, and comes out into the streets, waiting.

When Mr. Winston Churchill commends the gold problem to honourable members of Parliament as "the supreme topic of the age" he is not this time sacrificing his sense of proportion to the requirements of the strident phase. It *is* the supreme problem. The price of the yellow metal which governs all values has been artificially enhanced 70 per cent. The price of goods and commodities has been automatically forced down as the value of gold has risen. Producers have to grow twice the number of bushels of wheat or pounds of cotton, or mine twice the quantity of tin, copper, coal, or iron, to buy the money to discharge debts worth only half as much, in money terms, before the great gold corner. And the more they try to produce in order to get the wherewithal to pay, the worse their position becomes.

In consequence the whole world is bankrupt. Debtors cannot pay, creditors caanot collect, and international trade is slowly coming to a standstill as the breakdown in the money-credit organization extends.

Recrimination has become the order of the day. In the various capitals, bankers and economists evolve theories and arguments which show that everybody is to blame except their own national community. All this is so much waste of time and energy. The causes of the present extraordinary situation are many and various. The War, and the Peace. Over-production —or, as some prefer to call it, under-consumption. The rapid mechanization of industry, labour immobility, and ca'canny. Predatory politics. The great stock market gamble of 1928–29. Economic nationalism expressed in tariff walls which hamper the free exchange of goods and services. All these are major causes. One could prolong the list.



THE CITY BUILT ON GOLD: Cyanide process plant in the great mining city of Johannesburg whence the majority of the new gold, for which the world is thirsting and which is being engulfed, to their own ultimate detriment, by France and America, is derived. With the appreciation in importance of sterling, Jo'burg may feel a draught

But the real fundamental cause is the failure of civilized man to provide himself with a money credit organization which he thoroughly understands and which he can control.

Things were all right when Britain controlled the operation of the gold standard. As a world trader and banker she realized her world responsibility, and her control of the standard was effective. Her pound sterling was developed into the chief international instrument of trade. She lent in all directions. Gold was never allowed to accumulate in the vaults of her central bank.

But when events in the post-War period put control into the hands of America and France, the seeds of the present trouble were sown. Both countries had huge favourable balances of trade. These balances they turned into gold. Both countries also have in the last few years insisted on receiving reparations and War debts in gold. As Sir Henry Strakosch has pointed out, these payments have involved not only the absorption by these two countries of the whole of the newly-mined gold (around £90,000,000) which became available for monetary purposes, but also a serious depletion of the monetary gold reserves of the rest of the world.

If mankind had possessed a rational money-credit organization, this irresponsible cornering of gold by two nations, one provincial minded and the other without a banking system and money-market machine capable of dealing with the top-heavy gold stocks, would not have had such disastrous consequences for the world, including the short-sighted gold cornerers themselves. Mechanism would have existed for curing the maldistribution of gold, and meantime great and powerful central banking and investment institutions would have buffered the world against the shocks caused by these irrational gold movements, extending credits, taking care of weak positions, turning short-term money into long-term investment under strict conditions, and seeing to it that a selfish gold hoarder could not hold up world recovery by pursuing a policy which artificially keeps up a scarcity value for gold, thereby enforcing slump and panic prices for all goods and commodities.

Unluckily the general problem is complicated by the fact that a great mystery surrounds money and its workings. It is not so much that democracies are largely ignorant of the mechanism of national and international finance, a grave enough danger in a time when money may become a dominant political issue. The serious thing is that bankers themselves, the expert managers and manipulators of money, have been content to exercise their functions in blinkers. They over-lend in boom times, and under-lend in times of depression. They display no complete knowledge of money and its operation in the social sphere. Their knowledge of its inherent nature has clearly been limited by their reluctance to think.

Mr. Montagu Norman went down to the House lately and good-naturedly submitted to be questioned about monetary policy. The first direct question going down to the root of the subject he evaded with a smile. "I am a banker, not an economist." He gave himself away more completely by that answer than he did in his curiously evasive evidence before the Macmillan Committee. A politician in charge of the central bank would be a disaster. But it seems pretty clear now that society has become so complex that a banker who is only a banker can be just as disastrous as a politician at the head of a central bank. He ought to be an economist. It is imperative also that he be a student of politics and of sociology.

Mr. Churchill has exposed the lamentable limitations of the supposed money-credit experts. He told how, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1925, he took counsel with the highest authorities as to the advisability of a return to gold. He was assured that gold would anchor the post-War world once again to stability and reality. We awake seven years later and find that, so far from being anchored to stability and reality, we are linked to instability and fantasy.

All the other factors being right, the advice of the bankers would no doubt have been sound. But a whole multitude of factors outside of the technical banking realm were insufficiently appreciated. Above all, it was not realized that money is inextricably entangled with human nature and with politics. We now perceive that the return to gold was made haphazard and quite unscientifically. A proper trading equilibrium between the various countries was not established. Some countries had deflated, others had devalued, and insufficient attention had been paid by the orthodox bankers, and the Governments they advised and influenced, to the effect of politics on international finance.

The gold standard is an international one, and can only work smoothly in a world where individual States subordinate national policy to the general world tide. Out of the war had arisen, however, not a new enlightened internationalism, but an exacerbated nationalism. A scramble for gold began and continued. Tariffs, war debts, and reparations complicated and intensified the competition of nation against nation. It was into this world of rampant nationalism that the

TERLING: The Burning World Problem of the Hour

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

international gold standard was re-introduced, abruptly, haphazard, and long in advance of any general political agreement between the chief nations on the major world problems.

It may be that its reintroduction in advance of political agreement was a justifiable experiment. However that may be, its failure is now history. Economists may argue and bankers retort and politicians protest, but when one has said that gold was caught in the current of economic nationalism and whirled along to wreck, one has said all that now need be said about the first post-war return to gold.

The position to-day is that the greater part of the British Empire, Scandinavia, the South American countries, Japan, Finland, Denmark, Egypt, are all off gold; while in the two chief States which remain on gold, France and the United States, economic troubles are growing fast and are already causing serious political repercussions. No meeting of Governments has been summoned to confer on the problem which thus arises (although there is a faint hope that the subject may be introduced into the Lausanne discussions).

Well may Professor T. E. Gregory observe (in a recent address to the Manchester Statistical Society): "It may be that the gold standard will not work in a world like this, but will a world like this work at all?" That indeed is the essence of a monetary question which lies more within the province of the statesman than of the banker.

Economists, meantime, are fertile in suggestions. Some, like Mr. Keynes, desire a managed paper currency, convertible into nothing and dependent for its stability on law and convention and limitation. But official Britain dislikes the idea. If gold supplies are not merely maldistributed but inadequate for world needs—the point is debatable—there appears to be more merit in the proposal, of which Professor Cannan approves (but only as a stop-gap pending a link again to gold) for national paper currencies limited to an arbitrary maximum (Britain, with her statutory limit on the fiduciary currency, has had such a currency since she left gold in September), but increased or diminished proportionately with the increase or decrease of the population. Runs on central banks and on gold, violent exchange variations, and an unstable price level, might be eliminated under such a system.

WORLD STANDARDS

Countries forming the Sterling Bloc:

Great Britain
New Zealand
Australia
India
Scandinavian Countries
Finland
Portugal

Countries off Gold and closer to Sterling than to Gold:

Spain
Brazil
Chile
Argentine
Many Latin American Countries

Half on and half off Gold:

Canada

Nominally on Gold but only by extraordinary exchange and import restrictions (If these were withdrawn, the following would immediately be forced off Gold and would then come within the orbit of the Sterling Bloc):

Germany
Czecho-Slovakia
Austria
Hungary
Italy
Jugo-Slavia
Many other European Countries

Still clinging to Gold:

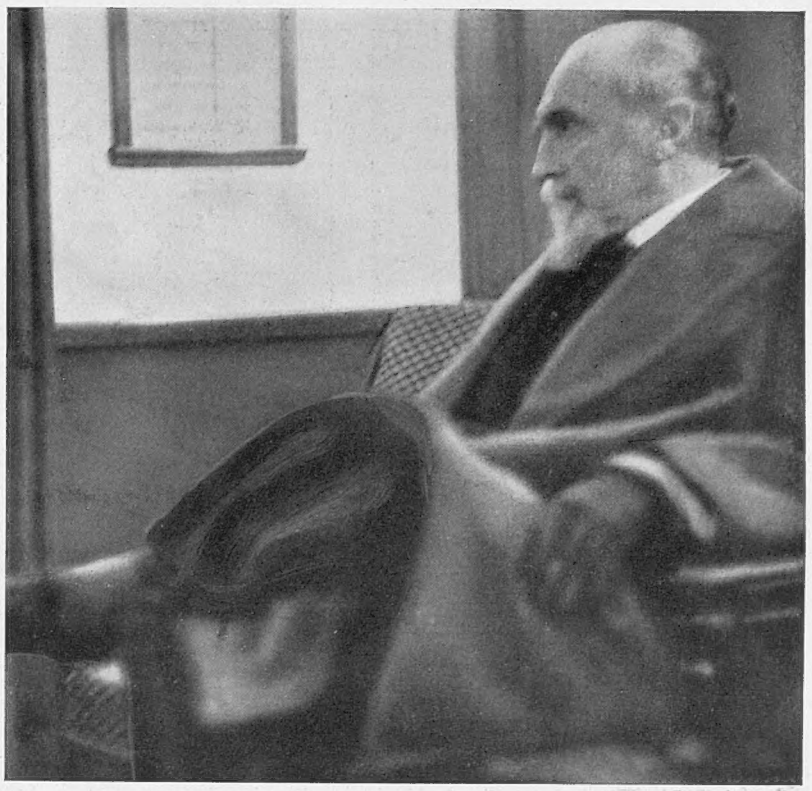
France
U.S.A.
Holland
Switzerland

On Gold (but doubtful):

South Africa

But it is one thing to recognize the fallacies about gold in the vast and complex modern world, and quite another to introduce a new system eliminating gold as an international counter. The British show confidence in their paper currency, but the British are an old and stable people, and their reaction is not the world reaction. The crux of the matter in regard to any new monetary system is that it must inspire confidence, and that it must be internationally accepted.

At present gold holds the field. As countries drop off it, there is a rush, not away from it, but to it. Individuals hoard it, nations scramble for it; its price, in terms of goods and commodities, remains ruinously high. Clearly, what is needed is not the repudiation of gold, but the international control of gold stocks, or at the very least, international co-operation in regard to gold.



THE GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND: Mr. Montagu Norman, whose broad-visioned policy of world finance has been stultified by the violent and narrow nationalism of other lands. Mr. Norman's passion for incognito is so dominant that he travels to the Bank by tube!

In any case it would be disastrous to link sterling again to gold in any ratio while economic nationalism holds the world field. The link to gold, if it comes again, must come as a result of an international agreement in regard to gold. This presupposes the solution of allied world problems now outstanding.

Britain would rather co-operate with the gold Powers than manœuvre against them and try to defeat and break gold, and damage the nations adhering to it, by enlarging and lining-up the already immense sterling *bloc* in the world. But that is up to the gold Powers. By going off gold Britain has made a great constructive move and regained the initiative. She sought a monetary conference and was rebuffed. We may discover at the forthcoming Lausanne Conference whether an America-Franco-British agreement is practical politics. It does not look as if it is. We might suggest co-operation with America to escape from world bankruptcy by cheapening gold and so raising world prices. But that again is up to America.

One thing we have learnt; some great world-conscious nation, or two nations of the same racial stock, must take matters into their own hands, and lead. World co-operation remains an empty phrase. Man's experience of world co-operation to date is that in really vital matters you cannot get fifty or more nations, with as many tongues, flags, interests, and war cries, to agree about anything at all—except their God-sent right to disagree.

Britain has been a long time escaping from this world co-operation illusion. She has tried to get the world to see sense and act co-operatively, and her persistency has prolonged her own depression. The Governor of the Bank of England has gone careering around Europe and across the Atlantic, disguised as Mr. Smith or a £5 note, trying to get central bank chiefs to work in with him for the common good. He has backed League loans for the Succession States, and encouraged foreign loans which have gone wrong. He has confabbed endlessly with the Governor of the Bank of France. He has been assiduous in his attendance at the meetings of the Board of the Bank for International Settlements. Our statesmen likewise have wasted years orating, negotiating, and entertaining at Geneva, Genoa and other salubrious centres. They have cherished hopes of a tariff truce which would free trade and money with it. They have tried to get France and America into a monetary conference. Even poor A. J. Cook and other labour leaders rushed off to Europe and international conferences with the idea that they could rescue coal from bankruptcy by way of an international agreement.

Vain hopes! All our crusaders achieved was a series of rebuffs. The national leaders are now tardily thinking of biting off something they *can* chew. The mouthful is big enough in all conscience. It is the British complex of nations and the countries which follow sterling.

Mr. Reginald McKenna has clearly stated what we need. In all countries trading with each other there should be stability of the exchanges based on a reasonable stability of interior price levels. This can be achieved by stabilizing the exchanges between the various parts of the Empire (it is an astounding thing that the Empire as a whole still lives in a state of monetary chaos, without co-operation between England and the self-governing Dominions and India), and all other nations willing to join a monetary union with the British Empire. Given political agreement the technical means for achieving this object are simple. In all countries participating in the sterling *bloc* banking policy would be lined up to raise the wholesale price level of raw material and producers' goods. Mr. MacDonald's observations in his personal journal of last week, about the necessity for raising the price level even if it means that the items in the housewife's budget cost her slightly more, indicate that the Premier at least has an open mind in a Cabinet where discussion of the whole topic has become intense.

The British Empire after all is the greatest political entity on the planet, and the pound sterling remains the chief world trade counter. If a single stable currency system (one may emerge from Ottawa) bringing the benefit of comparatively stable prices, were established over this gigantic economic unit, it would swing like a battering ram against the world problem. Gold within the unit could be economized, and a large weight of it liberated for world purposes. Control of world prices would most likely be diverted from the gold *bloc* to the sterling *bloc*, where a rise in the price level of commodities would bring about a fall in gold.

Eventually, as control of the price level passes into hands more capable of using it helpfully and scientifically than the gold Powers have shown themselves, the value of gold will fall, and its power will diminish. If the price of gold falls far enough commodity prices may even rise beyond the pre-crisis level. But before this happens we shall probably get a compensating influence exerted by the return of non-gold countries to gold as the gold countries disgorge gold and the falling price makes it cheap to accumulate stocks of the metal again.

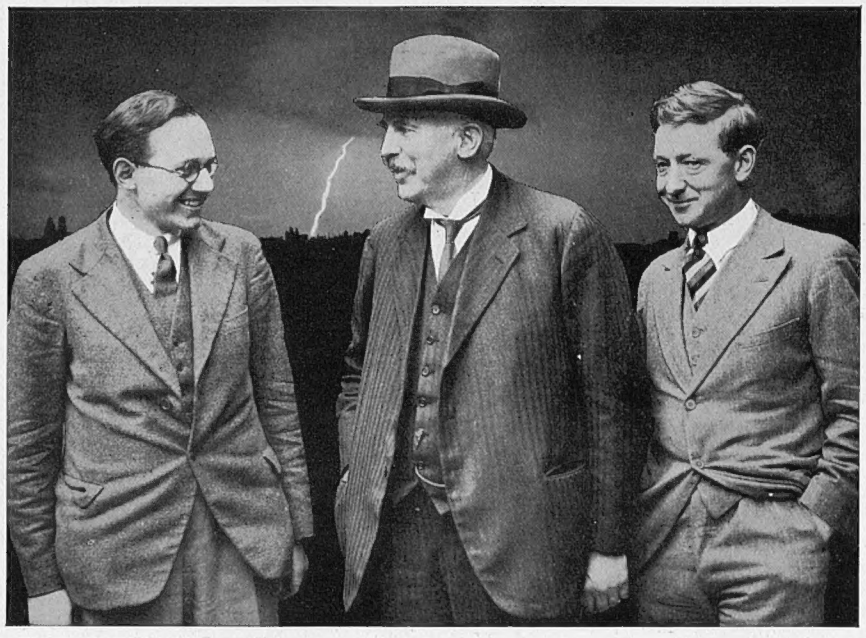
Given resolute leadership, Britain should be able eventually to lead the world on to a better monetary system. It will probably again be a gold-based system. A managed gold standard contains risks, but not so many risks as paper currencies. There is enough gold, properly distributed, to meet world needs for a very long time to come. Only what is needed is stronger and more rational management than in the past, and the line up of the chief nations behind some central institution or institutions entrusted with the responsibilities which Britain as the pre-war gold Power discharged silently and efficiently, but which neither of the two post-War gold Powers have shown themselves fitted to undertake.

The Bank for International Settlements at Basle has power, under its statute, to play the leading part in restoring uniformity in the distribution of capital, now uprooted and disorganized. All that is needed is political agreement between Governments so that the central bank chiefs who meet in the board-room at Basle under the chairmanship of the permanent American banker chief, can act. A new institution is needed to complete the rationalizing process: a world investment institution of dominating size formed by the leading finance houses in association with the chief central banks and the Basle bank. Plans for this new investment-house have already been drawn up.

These two reforms would put steel girders under the shaken international financial structure. France, as usual, blocks the way Just as she is against the gold inflation desired by England, America and most of the rest of the world, because it would deprive her of the gold instrument which she deliberately uses to maintain her dominance in Versailles Europe; so she resists the rationalization of world finance, because she judges foreign investment from the political standpoint, and a central institution which she cannot control might loan money to a state she wanted to starve of capital, or refuse money to another state which she desired to put in a position to buy armaments from French factories.

But if America and Britain could agree, France would have in the long run to yield.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING: This picture will give the layman some visual idea of the apparatus in which the atom was "split" at Cambridge



THE PIONEERS: Lord Rutherford, the father of atom-splitting, standing between the two young Cambridge scientists, Dr. E. T. S. Walton and Dr. J. D. Cockroft. They are superimposed on a picture of a flash of lightning which forked over Galileo's house in Florence

SPLITTING the ATOM

On Monday last it was announced in the newspapers that two young Cambridge scientists, Dr. J. D. Cockroft and Dr. E. T. S. Walton, had succeeded in accomplishing the laboratory exercise known as splitting the atom. One newspaper, *The News-Chronicle*, more accurately entitled the news "atom *again* split by two young British scientists," for this so-called splitting of the atom is not by any means a new performance. Readers of THE SPHERE with good memories will recollect that exactly ten years ago there appeared in these pages a full page illustration from a drawing by Mr. D. Macpherson, showing Sir Ernest Rutherford (as he then was) standing in front of an instrument symbolising in graphic form one of the atoms and its component parts which had just then been disturbed by the helium bombardment to which they had been subjected by Sir Ernest. Here is what THE SPHERE said about this incident ten years ago:

"*A Diagrammatic Exposition of the Dissection of the Atom by Nuclei of Helium*

"The great world of science is throbbing with the excitement of two momentous discoveries which, at first sight, appear to be entirely dissociated. Further acquaintance, however, proves them to be closely connected by one great fact, the elucidation of which is the basic purpose of the above drawing. Of these aforesaid discoveries, pride of place must be given to the epoch-making announcement that Sir Ernest Rutherford, working quietly in his laboratory at Cambridge, has actually succeeded in releasing some of the terrific, almost incalculable energy contained in that microscopic wonder—the atom. Thus has he unlocked a storehouse of power to all intents inexhaustible, a storehouse beside which coal, steam, oil, and gas as prime movers fade into insignificance. True, Sir Ernest has not yet succeeded in harnessing this atomic energy, but hope runs high, and science waits with bated breath to hear soon of further discoveries in this particular direction. It is probable that we stand at the beginning of a new era, the age of atomic energy, when all the mechanical servants of man will rely on this wonderful force for their propulsion.

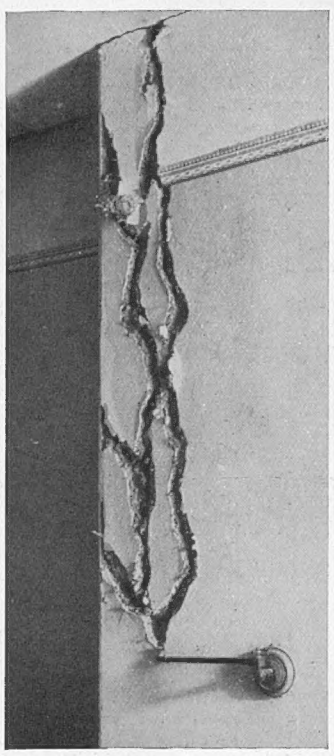
"One need not be highly technical to understand something of the experiments Sir Ernest has brought to such success. They depend, in the main, on a knowledge of the constitution or construction of the atom, that minute particle regarded up to recent years as the smallest piece of matter existent. It is now known, however, that an atom contains a 'nucleus' positively charged surrounded by exceedingly minute negative electrons, the whole forming a combination electrically neutral. Now the nuclei of atoms, although only about one-millionth part of a centimetre in diameter, contain tremendous kinetic energy. It is this energy, called atomic energy, which Sir Ernest Rutherford has succeeded in releasing. This was accomplished by 'bombarding' the nuclei of various atoms with equally minute and high velocity nuclei of helium. By this means it was found possible to force out or release nuclei containing greater kinetic energy than the nuclei ejecting them. In other words, a 'profit' of kinetic energy was obtained."

It will be seen from the foregoing somewhat hopeful statement that this method of apparently extracting, or producing, energy in the locality of a vacuum tube is not so new as some laymen might suppose. It must not be presumed, however, that this matter is of small interest. These two young men are, to use an ordinary phrase, playing with fire. They are on the edge of things, and it is quite possible that at an unforeseen moment they may disturb the physical equanimity of the world—it is to be hoped, in some local sense, at least to start with. Readers of Mr. H. G. Wells's scientific novels will remember how one of his lonely workers succeeded in making a plate of metal free from gravitational responsibilities, how fortunately the plate detached itself from the room in the little country cottage in which the experiment was being made and rushed off into space like a reversed thunderbolt. Otherwise we were genially told the action of the plate would have completely stripped the atmosphere from the earth's surface.

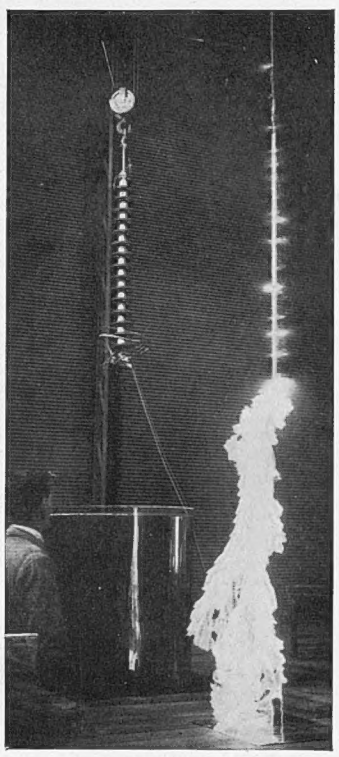
We give here a portrait of Lord Rutherford with the two young experimenters. It is evident, from his fatherly attitude, that he knows all about it and is glad for the boys to be continuing the work which, as at least SPHERE readers know, was begun more than ten years ago. Lord Rutherford, who is the greatest authority on atomic disintegration, says: "Valuable light has been thrown on new and powerful methods of tackling the problems of how atoms are split up. The manner in which electricity was used to split the atom at Cambridge was by means of a vacuum tube through which millions of particles a second were fired, at a speed of 10,000 kilometres a second. This terrific bombardment succeeded."

Professor Einstein, who was interrogated a few days later about this matter, replied in a somewhat slightly different vein: "It is not my subject and I have no right to talk about it, but it is certainly a wonderful discovery. It was not to have been expected that the splitting of the atom was possible at so low a tension."

LIGHTNING IN INDIA

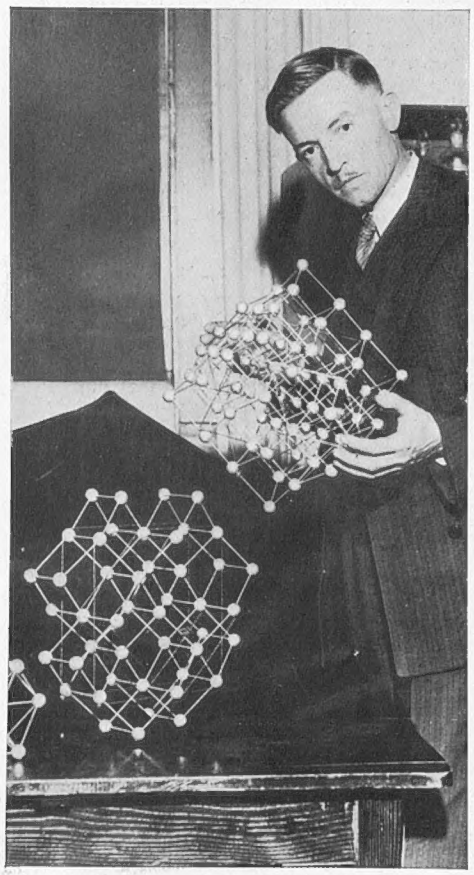


RESULTS OF A "STRIKE"

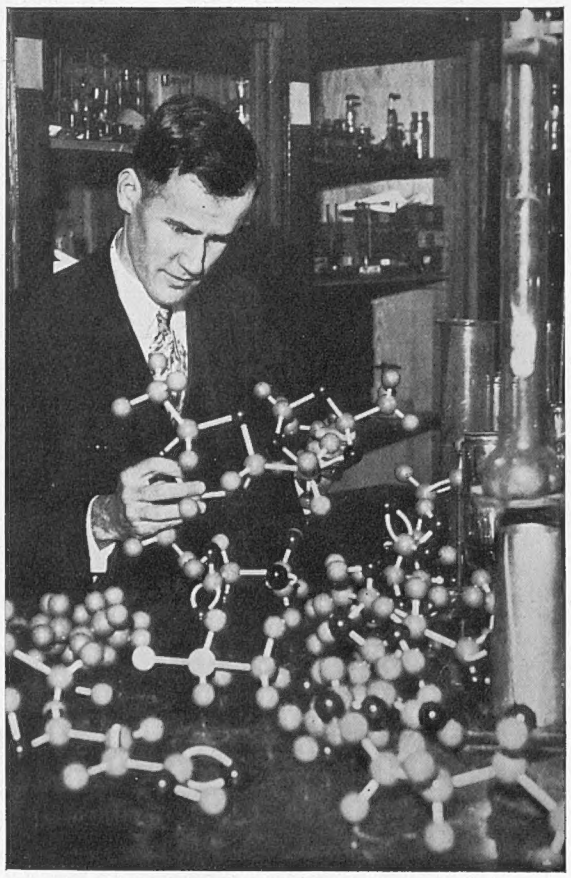


1,200,000-VOLT SPARKS

Three graphic expositions of the gigntic force of electricity which some workers in the field of experiments to split the atom have endeavoured to reproduce. By them, it is thought that, to harness such stupendous force and direct it against the atom, will ensure the split



MOLECULAR STRUCTURE is revealed by these models. On the left is magnesia or zinc; in the centre, tin; at the top, bismuth or antimony



MOLECULAR MODELS showing the structure of various elements—for the ultimate component parts of, say, iron are different in form and arrangement from those of, say, silver—on view in the Sterling Laboratory of Yale University

NATURE in GIGANTESQUE MOOD

Colossal Plants from the Four Corners of the Earth

ONE OF THE LARGEST KAURI TREES IN THE WORLD: The biggest of all grows in the Wai Poua State Forest in North Auckland, New Zealand, is 62 ft. in girth at its base, 50 ft. 5 in. in girth at the centre, and is calculated to be 1,200 years old. This one is only a little smaller

A GIANT GROUNDSEL: Major O. Lennox Browne and Mr. W. C. West beside the colossal plant in the bed of a ravine close to Peter's Hut on the slopes of Kilima Njaro

THE LARGEST INFLORESCENCE IN THE WORLD: Amorphophallus Titanum, whose actual flowers, which are tiny, are collected round the base of the spadix inside the enveloping spathe. This spadix or spike reached a height of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ metres

A picture of what purported to be the "biggest blossom" in the world has reached us from a correspondent. We are officially informed, however, from the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, that this is not a blossom but an inflorescence, and that the actual flowers are small, and are hidden from view. *Amorphophallus Titanum* has flowered, we learn, at Kew on several occasions, but the inflorescences have not been so large as that seen above. A plant flowered in the Victoria Regia House in August, 1926. At its best the height was 5 ft. 9 in.; the spathe, when fully expanded, measured 3 ft. 3 in. long and 3 ft. 9 in. in diameter. The spadix inside the spathe measured 4 ft. 9 in. in length and $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter. As the spathe of this plant opens, a nauseating stench is emitted which gradually passes as the inflorescence withers. The inflorescence continues in good condition only for a short time. In the case of the last plant that flowered at Kew it was at its best for about twenty-four hours and the whole inflorescence collapsed at the end of two days

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Giant kauri trees invariably inspire speculation as to their probable age. Although it is safe to assume that the specimen (seen above on left) has weathered the storms of many a century, it is impossible to arrive accurately at the age of a kauri, even when the tree is felled and the number of the so-called annual rings is counted. In the case of the kauri more than a single ring is added each season, though precisely how many more has not been determined with certainty. We do not know whether the kauri always grows uniformly throughout its life-history, or whether it enjoys now and again a period of rest; nor do we know exactly when maturity and the limit of growth are reached. But from what we do know we can be very certain that the age of the kauri has been very commonly exaggerated, and that the rate of growth is very much more rapid than has been consistently represented by those who have derided the possibility of the regeneration of the kauri on a commercial basis

A GIANT CACTUS dwarfing almost to insignificance horse and rider in the deserts of California

b

THE SEASON from the viewpoint of THE DEBUTANTE

By CHARLES GRAVES

Another London Season has now dawned on us, the eleventh that I shall have witnessed since I left Oxford and came "out" officially. Every year the newspapers say that the current Season is and will be the most brilliant since the War, if not in the history of England. They will be saying it again now with less actual truth but with more comparative justification than ever before. The comparative justification is evident. London is now so immeasurably smarter than the other capitals. That it is more brilliant than in former years is another matter. Off-hand, I should say that 1928, when everything was booming, must have been the peak. Everybody dripped with jewellery.

Orchard, who has marshalled more hungry dowagers in supper queues than any man alive, had to walk to Waterloo Station from the scene of the evening's principal ball at least five nights a week to catch the milk train home. Russian princes and others did not have to budget for the cost of their dinner and supper from one end of the week to the next. Teachers of dancing were run off their legs. The subscriptions alone for the Embassy Club totalled £31,000 in one year. When Lady Falkland gave that ball at the Mayfair Hotel 200 more suppers were eaten than there were guests invited. There was also the Bridgewater House affair.

And yet this year of grace has many advantages over 1928 and previous years. Four years ago there was no Monseigneur, Quaglino, Malmaison, or Dorchester, although far-seeing hostesses were already beginning to realize that the big dance was going to be inevitably superseded by the small dinner party in the smart restaurant. Debutantes were dull, with hands like pink mutton chops, no conversation, and white muslin frocks. True, everybody on the Stock Exchange seemed to be making at least £5,000 a year, and plover eggs were not yet taboo. But Miss Margaret Whigham, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Rose Bingham, Lady Caroline Paget and the others were still in the schoolroom. The reigning beauties were rather fast lovelies whose noses have since been put quite out of joint. Lord Donegall had only just started paragraphing for a living and Major Tattersall was in Kenya or somewhere.

Comparisons are always malodorous, however. Let us look at the present Season, beginning officially with the return of the Court to Buckingham Palace. This coming week will see the first two Courts. To be called to the first is the seldom gratified hope of every debutante and

Peter North

MISS ROSE BINGHAM, one of the most charming of this season's debutantes

American. The Diplomatic Corps is present in full decorations. The line of stationary motor-cars in the Mall is the meeting-point of hundreds of young people who stare in through the windows and make unaffected and audible comments on the occupants.

These are sometimes very helpful when you are playing bridge to while away the time. I was able to finesse a ten of spades past a jack held by a certain Lord-Lieutenant, whose wife was presenting mine, with consummate ease, thanks to a tip from a young bank clerk. Inside the Palace the Throne Room seemed to be dominated by the Queen. Everybody who has ever been presented is incapable of describing the scene without panegyrics on her regal appearance—Her Majesty, in fact. The scarlet, cream, and gold; the gentlemen of the bodyguard, the fine feathers and gleaming jewellery, the champagne and foie gras sandwiches, the trains and Orders and footmen, the lofty ceilings and deep carpets leave an unmatchable impression on you.

To-day, as I have said, the Season revolves round the debutantes. Their hands are beautifully manicured. They wear smart, sophisticated clothes. Their hair is as well coiffed as a film star's. Publicity agents for actresses complain bitterly that they cannot get a line into the social columns about leading ladies who formerly confronted one on the dailies on every page.

Who are this year's debutantes? Well, here is a list of the round four dozen who will be most frequently photographed and written about. Two of them are already well known to the readers of the social columns—Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward and Lady Pamela Smith, and Miss Jean Follett, Lady Mildred Fitzgerald's daughter, has already had a ball given for her.

Taking the others alphabetically, we have Miss Sally Banbury, the grandaughter of Lord Banbury; Miss Diana Betterton, whose father is the Minister of Labour in the present Government; Miss Alison Campbell, who lives in Knightsbridge; Miss Lilian Chaytor, whose mother, Lady Chaytor, has given midnight parties at Witton Castle in Durham; Miss Ann Clayton-East, whose mother, Lady Clayton-East, lives at Maidenhead; Miss Elizabeth Coates, the daughter of Lady Celia Coates, for whom there will be a lot of entertaining; Miss Lydia Digby Wingfield, who looks a pretty girl from her photographs; Lady Evelyn Drummond's daughter, Jean; the twin nieces of Mrs. Geoffrey Head, Pamela and Rosemary Flower; Miss Unity Freeman Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale, and sister of the young author of *Highland Fling;* Miss Elspeth Grant, a Scottish debutante whose home has the romantic name of the House of the Mony Musk; Miss Elizabeth Gwynne, the daughter of Mrs. Rupert Gwynne; Lady Elizabeth Hare, one of Lady Listowell's daughters, who will be greatly written up; Lady Harris's oddly-named daughter, Karen; Lady Askwith's twin nieces, Diana and Joan Henry, who do not look so much alike as they are supposed to do; Mrs. Aubrey Herbert's daughter, Bridget; Lady Anne Hope, the daughter of Lady Linlithgow; Lady Oppenheimer's oddly-named daughter, Betsan Horlick; Miss Valerie Lynch, the attractive daughter of Colonel Lynch; Miss Dorothy Hyson, who is none other than the beautiful daughter of Dorothy Dickson, and has been brought up in Ireland; Miss Anita Leslie, the pretty daughter of Shane Leslie, the author: Miss Diana Mainwaring, the daughter of Lady Mainwaring, who, like Miss Dickson, seems far too young to have a debutante daughter; Miss Antonia Meade, a debutante from Montgomeryshire, whose mother is Lady Aileen Meade; Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore, who will probably be the most written-up debutante of them all—the daughter of Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, and for whom Lady Salisbury will give a dance; Miss Christian Pike, the daughter of Olive Snell; Miss Nica Rothschild, for whom Lord Rothschild is giving a ball; Miss Rosamund St. John Hornby, whose brother married Lady Veronica Blackwood; Miss Alethea Hornby, a debutante from Scotland; Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh's daughter, Diana; Lady Howard de Walden's oddly-named niece, Gonda Van Raalte; Miss Ann Vesey, for whom many parties will be given; Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders, who will be equally fortunate; Miss Joan Yerburgh, whose father is the widower, Lord Alvingham; Mrs. Algernon Borthwick's daughter, Rachel; Lady Glasgow's daughter, Lady Hersey Boyle, and her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Probyn; Miss Gillian and Miss Judy Muir, a couple of debutantes from the Cotswolds; Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, the daughter of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell; Lady Weigall's daughter, Priscilla; two American debutantes, the Misses Ridgeley-Carter; and finally, Miss McClean, a Scottish debutante with Spanish looks who will probably be considered the prettiest of them all.

Claude Harris

MISS BETSAN HORLICK, for whom her mother, Lady Oppenheimer, gives a dance

Bertram Park

MISS JEAN FOLLETT, the daughter of Lady Mildred FitzGerald, to be presented

So far I have only met a handful of them, but as I am going to say that I do not think that they are quite up to the extraordinary high standard of last year's looks, I must not specify them. At the moment few of them know one another. They may have been present at the three debutante dances given for Miss Alison Campbell, Miss Wingfield Digby, Miss Theodora Wills, and Miss Ann Vesey. But it will not be until the rehearsals for the Queen Charlotte's Ball are in full swing that they will really get together.

In England we have nothing like the Junior League in America. Nor have we any social register, despite our Debretts and Kellys and Burkes. The real social register, for the debutantes at any rate, is compiled unofficially by Mr. Seymour Leslie for the Queen Charlotte's Ball. The card index of the more important debutantes, with the pencilled comments underneath the official typewritten descriptions of them, is a real joy to read. But it is not for me to disclose them.

It is at these rehearsals that permanent friendships among the future peeresses of the country are made. Proud mothers sit clucking in the corners while their daughters practise the rigmarole of being maids of honour at the ceremony, the climax of which is reached when Prince George cuts the cake. Forty-eight debutantes of this year and thirty-two of last year will be present in force with their escorts. It is for them that the dances are given this Season. Indeed it is for them that the Season is really created.

England, despite trams, telephones, and cinemas, is remarkably medieval when it comes to the question of wedding bells and marriageable daughters. In the past few years the debutantes, although still the real reason for the Season, have been completely ignored. Now in the past twelvemonth they have come into their own again. Despite hard times any numbers of dances are being given for them—as you will see, the lucky girls are nearly all in the list I have already given:—

May 18—Mrs. J. B. Muir and Mrs. David Muir for their daughters at Lady (Ian) Hamilton's house in Hyde Park Gardens.
May 23—Mrs. St. John Hornby's dance for her daughter at Shelley House, Chelsea Embankment.
May 24—The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Borthwick for her daughter at 8, Cadogan Square.
May 25—Mrs. Clifton Brown for her daughter, who has been unlucky enough as to clash with the Queen Charlotte Ball.
May 26—Mrs. Clive Miller for her daughter, clashing with Mrs. Humphrey-Owen's for her daughter at 17, Belgrave Square.
May 30—Lady Hennessy, for her daughter at the Ritz.
May 31—Alice, Lady Grey, for her granddaughter at 33, Eaton Place.
June 1—Mrs. Robert Balfour for her daughter.
June 2—Lady Jellicoe for her daughters.
June 3—Lady Oppenheimer and Mrs. J. B. Paget for their daughters, at Ibstock Place, Roehampton.
June 7—Com. Talbot, R.N., for his daughter.
June 8—Mrs. William Gibbs for her niece and daughter, at 81, Eaton Square.
June 9—Lady Trenchard and Lady Davidson for their daughters, at 13, Grosvenor Place.
June 14—The Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer for her daughter.
June 20—Lady Cranworth for Miss Judith Gurdon and Miss Vera Churchman.
June 21—Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh for her daughter at 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, clashing with The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Portman's dance for Miss Penelope Portman at 22, Portman Square.

Elwin Neame

MISS ANITA LESLIE, the daughter of Shane Leslie, the brilliantly witty writer and organizer

Bassano

H.M. THE QUEEN, whose regal presence dominates the Throne Room, dimming all the panoply of fashion by sheer majesty of demeanour

June 22—Lady Rothschild and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rothschild for Miss Nica Rothschild at 148, Piccadilly.

So much for the next two months of private dances, of which Lady Rothschild's and Mrs. Gerald Portman's will be the most important, together with the still undated balls for Miss Ormsby-Gore.

Thanks, possibly, to the article in THE SPHERE not long ago on "The Racket of Charity Balls," these charity functions have thinned agreeably. Four of the survivors are certain to be brilliant—the Queen Charlotte's ball organized by Mr. Seymour Leslie and Mrs. Dudley-Ward, which Prince George will attend; the Derby Ball organized by Lady Milbanke, which the Prince of Wales will attend; the Londonderry House Ball organized by Lady Plunket; and the Dinner Dance Ball organized by Lady Linlithgow next Tuesday at Grosvenor House, which the Duke of York will attend.

But what does it cost to launch a debutante? The answer is anything from £230 to £1,000. You must allow at least £30 for a Court dress and train, 3 guineas for the feathers, and 2½ guineas for the Court gloves, 4 guineas for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, £30 for three dresses to be worn on the first three days there; £80 for evening dresses and other clothes for the Royal Military Tournament, the Royal Garden Party, and so on; and £80 for private entertaining. If you give a dance at a smart hotel it will cost you £1 a head, or about £400. If you give it in a private house a smart orchestra will cost about 75 guineas, and the catering another £150 or so.

If you and your daughter do not know anybody and you secure a hostess you can pay as much as £2,000 for the Season. Two or three years ago a certain peeress demanded and was paid £500 a month and all expenses. She told all her friends the cynical truth, did nothing for the wretched girl, and sent in an enormous bill for expenses. The victims, of course, were Americans. A certain Scotch Marquess's daughter gave a sherry party last year at the cost of £8, and at once the invitations she received were doubled. The sherry worked out at 9d. a glass and, with an average of three glasses per guest, this meant that she had 120 acceptances.

Allowances for debutantes run usually from £100 a year to £500 a year, but those who receive the latter are usually expected to pay their dentists' bills and other incidentals of that sort and, of course, their dressmakers. Those who are on the £250 mark and have kindly mothers can more or less expect their parents to foot cleaner's bills, travelling expenses, jewellery insurance (if any), and so on.

A year or two ago debutantes used to entertain each other at their parents' homes. Now they ask each other out to the Ritz and similar places, like the older women. This, of course, cannot be done by girls with the £100 allowances, who in many cases make their own clothes. Whether they have £100, £250, or £500 many of them by the end of the month have pawned their small trinkets in order to go to the cinema with each other, and then redeem them when the monthly allowance becomes due. Few of them drink or smoke. So their cigarette bill is non-existent.

As to the marriage-market itself, which is indisputably the chief reason for the Season, it is interesting to observe that only four of last year's debutantes have yet married. It is true that Miss Whigham and Miss Bingham were both engaged to Lord Warwick for a short time. It is equally true that Miss Patricia Richards made the most brilliant match of the year when she married Lord Jersey while she was still only seventeen years old and consequently was still only a sub-debutante.

But then debutantes nowadays do not marry quite so early as they used to do. They are still on the dance list for at least four years after being presented at Court, and in consequence they are in no hurry to marry. This is particularly understandable when one realizes how few young men are available for private dances. Last year there were sometimes as many as forty young men short at a single dance, and debutantes were taken home weeping by their agitated mothers before supper-time. If one excludes Mr. Max Aitken who is so busy working in Manchester, there are indeed few young men who are on tap. Mr. Waddington, Mr. Charles Birkin, Mr. John Mason, Mr. David Rhys (and his spare time is brief and irregular), Lord Birkenhead, Lord Poulett, Lord Mornington, are the principals, and there must be several more coming along from Oxford and, to a lesser degree, Cambridge. Others, like Lord Clydesdale and the Duke of Norfolk and many more, seem proof against marriage and even against the lure of London in the Season.

It is one of the oddities of London society, however, that while your women folk must go to Court, the men are under no such obligation to their family. Personally, I shall not easily forget my own experience. Two years ago I went to the first Levée at Buckingham Palace, and while we waited to go into the Throne Room was asked with charming but embarrassing unconcern by the peer who was presenting me—

(*a*) Whether I had hired or bought my Court dress,
(*b*) What it cost, and
(*c*) What I proposed to write about the function.

The answers were—

(*a*) I had hired it,
(*b*) Four guineas, and
(*c*) Nothing.

But it seemed to me that everybody was listening, and I very nearly sank through the polished floor with embarrassment. The moral of the story is that it costs only four guineas to acquire a "gentleman's" suit, and that is very much less than the thirty guineas it costs for a girl.

What other events of the Season lie ahead? The major ones are Whitsun, which means Le Touquet for so many people, Ascot, the Royal Military Tournament, the Royal Horse Show, Henley, Commemoration Week, May Week, Eton and Harrow at Lords, the Aldershot Tattoo, Polo at Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Hurlingham.

Not so long ago there were several great houses in London where dances were given in the Season—Grosvenor House, Stafford House, Londonderry House, Bridgewater House, Devonshire House, Dorchester House, among them. To-day Londonderry House and possibly Bridgewater House are the only two left. Only ten years ago people used to walk home across the Green Park morning after morning from their dances—and none of the Parks are open until dawn. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why debutantes have such good skins and look so fresh nowadays.

In 1919, it was not at all unusual to be asked to twenty dances a week during the Season. There were always four or five every night. To-day, if the debutante wants to make a real night of it she has to go to some night club without the knowledge of her parents, where she is likely to be raided—unless there is some "wild" or other bottle party given by some of her friends.

Behind the gaiety of the London Season there is always a certain amount of tragedy provided by the debutantes of previous years who are beginning to wonder whether they are not permanently on the shelf. The other day Lord Donegall wrote an article on their piteous plight, suggesting that various choices lay ahead of them. They could—

(*a*) Marry younger sons,
(*b*) Go Bohemian,
(*c*) Continue as though nothing had happened,
(*d*) Get a job in a hat shop (or words to that effect).

I rather think that Lord Donegall suggested two other courses they could follow, but these four are ample. It is the third type who are tragic. Year after year their invitations dwindle and their chances of marriage grow fewer and fewer. This year I am glad to see that two girls who have been out in the rain ever since I first started going to debutante dances have got married.

Mind you, there are several extremely pretty, level-headed girls who have been out for six or seven years whose birth, presumptive dowry, and attractiveness must have ensured any number of proposals. They remain calmly aloof. In some cases they will never marry, because the kind of man they would have married is the kind of man who was killed in the Brigade of Guards during the War. For even now, though many of this year's debutantes were born in the autumn of 1914, the effects of the Great War still obtrude themselves on the glittering Season of 1932.

Bassano

MISS LILIAN CHAYTOR, whose mother gave midnight parties at Witton Castle

Bertram Park

MISS GONDA VAN RAALTE, for whom her aunt, Lady Howard de Walden, is giving a dance

Bassano

LADY ELIZABETH HARE, a daughter of Lady Listowell, to be presented by Lady Linlithgow

Peter North

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM, whose family residence is at Ascot

HARVESTS of the MERE and of the SEA

WHERE THE BARREL HOOPS GROW: Hetlingen, in the Haseldorfer Marshes, near Hamburg, is the centre of the willow industry

A COTTAGE INDUSTRY IN THE MARSHES OF THE ELBE: The making of hoops for barrels is a cardinal industry in the fenland environs of Hamburg

THE SALT INDUSTRY IN BRITTANY: Near Carnac salt is obtained from sea water. The sea water is allowed to come into and fill up large basins of clay whence it runs into smaller basins, and again after a few days' cooking in the sun it is passed on into quite small basins. Here the sun is sufficiently warm to evaporate all the water and the bottom of the basin is found to be covered with salt. The salt is then carefully stored

THE MUSSEL HARVEST at Esnandes, near La Rochelle. The fish seen above are about one year old and will be transplanted to a special breeding ground

THE REED HARVEST IN ENGLAND: Loading up a motor vehicle with reeds, used in wicker work and thatching. The reeds are dried and weathered after they have been gathered in a new type of stack consisting of bundle upon bundle of the osier branches. This picture was taken at Salhouse on the Norfolk Broads

WHERE GREAT CÆSAR TROD

A PAGAN FORUM INAUGURATED ON CHRISTMAS DAY: The Forum of Julius Cæsar, discovered between the Roman Forum and the Campidoglio as it is to-day—an example of Mussolini's policy of stimulating modern Italy to high endeavour by the resurrection of her architectural glories in Imperial days

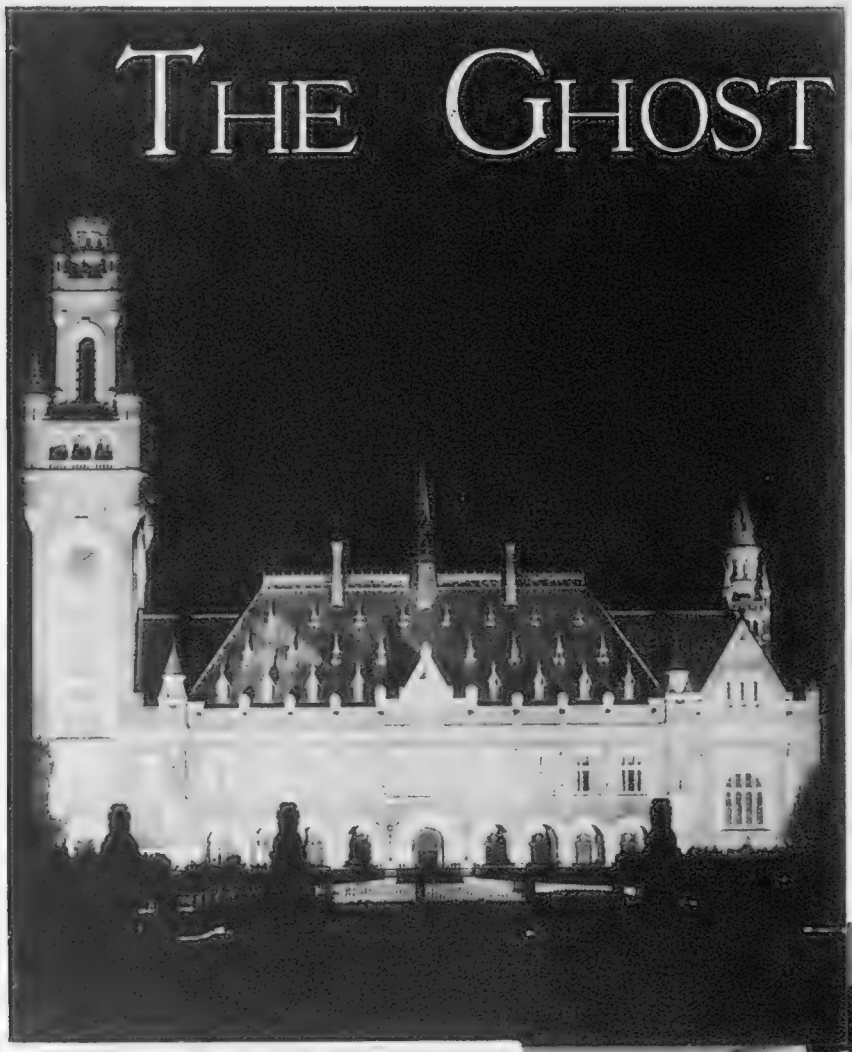
CÆSAR STANDS AGAIN IN HIS FORUM: The bronze statue of the great Roman dominates the Forum of Julius, only recently again brought to light

ROMAN DECORATION: A detail of the charming frieze which once embellished the Temple of Venus Genatrix in the great days of the Empire

The Fora of Rome have recently had added unto them a notable accretion—namely, the great space named for Julius, greatest of the Cæsars. Set between the Roman Forum ("Forum Romanum") and the Piazza del Campidoglio, it had, in the course of centuries, been swamped to invisibility by the gradual growth of the medieval and modern city. The policy of Mussolini has, however, brought this great space once again to light and reconstruction is in full swing to restore it to some semblance of its ancient glory.

THE GHOST OF PEACE HAU

The Extravagance, the Procrastinati Court Exposed



THE PALACE OF PEACE, built by Carnegie for £2,000,000. A white elephant, its constitution provides for ultra slow legislation, and the decisions of its courts are in no way binding

THE HAGUE.

A decade ago this used to be a really peaceful spot. The tinkling of a myriad bicycle bells was as good as all that disturbed. The Dutch capital, spreading amply in and out of green woods and restful waterways, exhaled the proper atmosphere for calm and meditation. Even the native mind was suitably attuned to a certain slowness and non-excitability. The very place for reasoned discussion! So Andrew Carnegie evidently thought early this century when he set about building his Palace of Peace. Besides its physical attributes, The Hague had piled up a unique record for arbitration. And the Dutch were by way of being neutrally inclined by temperament. Andrew chose The Hague and prepared to spend £2,000,000.

Precious little peace remains about The Hague in 1932. The American motor has come to town in shiploads and, blending with the surviving bicycles, renders the one-time peaceful capital a rushing, jarring city much as any other, clanking trams and klaxoning 'buses rounding out the picture. The only thing to do with the droves of cyclists, I found, was to drive slowly but steadily on and let them do their tricks around you—for they all are trick cyclists. If one or two came gently off they knew how to do so. Fatal, on the other hand, to attempt to worm one's way politely through the wheeling throng, sometimes groups of twenty or thirty and not infrequently spooning awheel, arms interlocked, hands clasped across one another's handlebars.

Then, again, the architecture of The Hague has gone jazz with a Javanese note. And large sections of the city seem to have been rebuilt. Indeed, all Holland seems to have been indulging a building orgy, astounding story of what that War did give to people, all the same. I wonder someone does not put a book together on the benefits derived from it—not in the way of a world safe for democracy as much as in hard bricks and mortar and such-like developments in a score of spheres which assuredly never would have materialized in our time but for 1914–18. The more I see of current Europe the more the idea takes root. That War gave new homes, new pleasures in life to millions.

Carnegie's optimistic gift to mankind, then, rears itself no longer amid peace and quiet. For that, one has to penetrate within. The *Vredespaleis* is the last word in preserved and cared-for sumptuousness. It forms a massive red square block round an internal courtyard in which life-size polar bears scamper in china. The corridors are panelled with symbolical groups of Pax and Lex, are hung with candelabra, and studded with busts of peace-workers: Stead, Asser, Cremer, Loder, Carnegie. The central hall has a religious note with its stained-glass windows and dominant figure of Christ. The carpets, the woodwork, the marble flooring and pillars, the polished and burnished whole, the regardless-of-expense suggestion, quite capture you, until you notice you have been prowling about for half-an-hour without meeting a soul. And this on the morning of a big day! And then the truth strikes home. *You are in the least used building in the world.* It is as brand new, as shining and impeccable, as when last you visited here in 1923. Nor should it ever get any older, less impeccable. It is more like a temple dumped down among people not of the same cult, and therefore ignoring it, than what it purports to be—the Supreme Law Court of the World. Hither, if things were working ideally, nations would come with their quarrels, and the place itself become a magnet for all men of goodwill. The corridors would be thronged, not populated by one wandering scribe and—I forgot—one charlady. Hitler would come here, and so would Mussolini, and de Valera, and every and anybody else with grievances. I am not allowing things to run away with me. Woodrow Wilson meant it to be just so—that this World Court of International Justice, affiliated to the League, should "mete out unappealable decisions governing the fate of nations." The World Court—whether to join it or not—is still a big and undecided issue in American politics. Heaven knows why. The business it transacts is hardly as important as that which might detain, say, the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. With perhaps one notable exception—the Anschluss—this is substantially true. The reason being that the bench of judges is incompetent to deal with real rivalries such as produce wars, and that it is supposed to eschew absolutely the political, i.e. to stick to the rigidly legal. As "a Tribunal of Mankind," therefore, the Court is boycotted. I attended the first case that ever came before it, in the company of a wild Californian named Hiram Johnson, who went to The Hague specially to damn the Court and, I recall, grew so bored with the proceedings that he spent the balance of the morning in the admirable Dutch Gardens adjoining.

That opening case arose out of the German refusing to allow a certain Allied vessel through the Kiel Canal, and Germany lost and was ordered to pay £1,200 damages to the owners. The case lasted four or five weeks and cost about £1,200 a day. I am not among the enlightened fraternity which hopes to sink the League of Nations on the score of what it costs—Britain's annual share in the upkeep corresponds roughly, I am credibly informed, to the cost of *Rodney's* rudder—but if there were any pruning to be done the temptation would certainly be to start with the World Court's bill of over £100,000 a year. What a pity Carnegie didn't think of endowing the place into the bargain! Failing that, it seems only equitable that those who bring cases before the Court should foot the bill, and not the company in general who are members of the League. The Court has cost approximately £1,000,000 since I saw it last, and out of that Great Britain has probably paid not less than a tenth. In return for which outlay she has three times been to law with Greece over the Jerusalem Concessions. One hundred thousand pounds it has cost us to argue about some minor mandatory question. Ah, but we have also paid, in this past decade, so that Germany might go nine times to law with Poland—on five occasions over a factory at Chorzów. The Poles and the Germans have monopolized the attention of the Court.

MR. KELLOGG is one of the pacifist die-hards who cling to the ineffectual: his own Pact and the World Court at The Hague. He was sitting behind the long table at the back of the picture when this record of his last visit was taken

WORLD COURT CEREMONIAL: The scene at the swea of G by which the princip

NTS THE HAGUE

ion, the Ineffectuality of the World

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Of sixteen judgments handed down up to last year, over half have been at the instance of Warsaw or Berlin . . . and over half, again, of the Germano-Polish judgments have been about a factory! On such summits does the Supreme Law Court operate. The Tribunal of Mankind.

I mentioned a case costing £1,200 a day. That is because of the World Court's unapproached lethargy. We know how the law can drag things out—alleged clerical gaieties or spiritualistic "voices" occupying the talent of the land for days, weeks—as if they really mattered—but The Hague would be the K.C.'s paradise every time. K.C.s here, or their counterparts, agents, go on talking for *weeks*. Every twenty minutes or so they stop for the interpreter and then resume. It is perfect heaven for the law. The World Court has averaged less than four cases a year since its inception, but how it has made those cases last! Two kinds of judgments are handed down: judgments proper, of which there have been sixteen, or one-and-three-quarters a year, and advisory opinions, of which there have been twenty, or two-and-a-quarter a year. Procedure is for the Court to hear the opposing agents in public for anything from a week to ten days and then for judges to adjourn to their rooms often for a month or more, deciding things. They are not unlike cardinals in conclave, each judge in his own room along a splendiferous corridor. I came across Mr. Kellogg coming out of his room arranging his flowing lace tie and seeing that his black velvet gown hung well. Mr. Kellogg has a never-ceasing side-to-side shake of the head, as if saying, "What use was my Pact, anyway?" Mr. Kellogg will be here six weeks and will draw £1,000 for it, and expenses. This I work out on the basis of judges being paid £3,000 a year, during which they are wont to sit in three periods of, on an average, a month a time. Sometimes enough judges cannot be rounded up from the ends of the earth to form a quorum, and then a case has to be postponed, not until next session, but sometimes until next year or the year after.

In the case I shall append, there wasn't a quorum last October, so it was adjourned until this April, and that was quick going. Judges are elected by the League Assembly for nine years. They are mostly old international lawyers, and casualties are not infrequent, and then there isn't a quorum—not even with deputy-judges called in. It is all very, very lethargic. Yet, after all, where is the inspiration to hurry with such work as the ownership of the Monastery at St. Naoum, in Jugo-Slavia, or the situation in Eastern Carelia, or the matter of Greco-Bulgar emigrants? If Shanghai came before it, or Treaty Revision, the World Court might sit up. But as things are at present constituted there is no chance of that happening. The Court is hemmed in by limitations. It may not hear a case at all unless both sides are willing. And, should a case be contentious, the parties must consent to the judgment or they needn't abide by it. As good as sentencing a prisoner and adding, "you know, if you don't like it, you can go." Only such as have signed the Optional Clause (thirty-seven out of fifty-five nations have thus far) agree to conform to the Court's findings although they need not consent to a case being heard at all, if they don't wish it to be. Above all, there is the barricade of strict legal interpretation only. No real *judgment* of a threatening international situation is possible. Once only did the judges venture beyond the rigidly legal into the wider political sphere, and they will never risk it again. That was last year over the Anschluss, and the result was that France assailed the Court as being pro-German or, at any rate, anti-French.

THE WORLD COURT IN SESSION: The wheels of world justice move even more slowly than those of American law. Very few cases are brought before this Court, largely on account of the intolerable delay, largely on account of the inordinate expense, but chiefly on account of the reservation that any nation convicted can simply disregard the sentence imposed thereby

The Court furthermore suffers from the absence of codified international law, rendering it necessary for judges to interpret the legal aspect as they go along. This accounts for the number of dissentient opinions, distressingly high. Judges go into conclave with themselves, and with their mountains of documents and volumes, and come out not only with different opinions, but freely with divergent interpretations. The president's casting vote has often decided matters, and on a bench of twelve such can hardly be called satisfactory. In sum, for the World Court to be more than a shadow of what was intended, it will have to be radically recast. At present it attracts no serious business and never will do so long as it is pinned down to the letter of the law and chronically unable to speak its mind in vital matters. The difficulty here, of course, would be to get an adequate personnel on the bench. International lawyers, however brilliant, could not expect to monopolize matters. Mingling with them would require to be introduced judges of different calibre, of wider horizon—men carrying respect and international weight, and there you come upon a most difficult problem. It was for long thought to be impossible even to collect such a bench of professional lawyers as now exists. The day for collecting a bench of men whose word would be law in serious disputes shows not a glimmering of arrival.

The case at present occupying the Court ranks second in interest to the Anschluss. It is, indeed, of some piquancy in that Geneva—the city, not the League—has come to The Hague to seek to ward off French encroachment locally. Geneva wants air, elbow room, which she claims Poincaré unjustly took from her nine years ago. Geneva challenges Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles. And Geneva is winning. A comic side is that France, stickler for abiding by the sanctity of treaties, pleads that a treaty of 1815 giving Geneva her freedom should now be reapplied in the light of expediency and not perpetuated strictly *au pied de la lettre*. But Geneva won't have any of that. Geneva demands a rigid compliance with 1815. Quite in the French manner with Versailles.

The facts can be briefly stated. After the French Revolution Geneva linked with France, but the outcome of the Napoleonic wars dispelled her ardour, and following Elba the city asked to be rendered free and safe from France. The result was the creation of certain free zones—many miles deep—all round the city. The French had to withdraw their customs cordons beyond the limit of these zones with which the Genevois might trade without let or hindrance. Geneva drew much of her produce from them, duty free. The French maintained a political frontier close up to the city, but that was rather a nominal affair; to all intents and purposes the good people of Geneva had free access to territory all around under French sovereignty.

Sardinia, then owning Savoy, also had to draw its customs back.

In 1848 Geneva joined the Swiss Confederacy and forthwith put out customs officials at the limit of the free zones, that is, well into French territory.

In 1860 Sardinia made her exit and Savoy passed to France, which now became solely involved in all three free zones on either side of the lake.

Nothing else happened until the Versailles Treaty, which laid it down that the position was no longer consistent with modern conditions. France wished to suppress the zones and to move forward her customs to her political frontier. Berne expressly demurred, not wishing ever again to see Geneva as good as cut off at one end of the lake, and with France not only on the heights all about, but, in places, in the very suburbs of the city. Off-stage, the politicians were fixing matters more or less when the Confederacy, by referendum, declared the people competent to intervene in external as well as internal affairs. The zones belonged to the former category and forthwith, by a second referendum, the Swiss rejected any measure bringing the French customs nearer to the city. Then entered Monsieur Poincaré. On November 10, 1923, he moved the douaniers forward everywhere in the night, and Switzerland awoke to find the Treaty of 1815 at an end—arbitrarily supplanted by that of Versailles. And the present case arose, and has been going on ever since. For years France did her level best to prevent it coming before the World Court, and she is still trying to prevent this body giving a decision. France doesn't like the World Court. Of six cases she has brought before this august body she has lost three outright, including the Anschluss which only condemns that inevitable joining-up until 1942; she is certain to lose the present zones case; the two outstanding decisions had to do with France insisting on repayment in gold, not in paper, of loans to Jugo-Slavia and Brazil. France got her gold in both cases—which explains why she won't hear of Lord Snowden's suggestion that the issue of paying, in gold, Britons who took up French War loan be referred to the World Court. Having herself won twice on the very issue we should plead, France considers the Court not competent in the matter. And we just have to stick it, there being no means of bringing an unwilling other party to The Hague.

It was a Frenchman, Pierre Dubois, who first dreamt of a World Court, in 1305. It was a second Frenchman, Emeric Crucé, who resuscitated the notion in 1623. And, in the nineteen-thirties, we are never left long without hearing of the inseparable French trinity—arbitration, security, disarmament. But when it actually *does* come to arbitration, lo and behold the Gaul in most difficult mood. Bluntly, in fact, the Quai d'Orsay, while not openly defying the World Court, has come much nearer to doing so than anybody else, and over this very zones case. The Court has had to say twice over that the Swiss are in the right, and now twelve good judges and true are being required to say it a third time before the Republic gives in with bad grace. And over a matter vital to the very city of the League! The idea, in 1815, was to create in favour of Switzerland a right on which she could rely. Overnight Poincaré did away with that right. Admittedly, the frontier situation is vexing to the French, but the way to settle it was by agreement. Ever since 1928 the Court has been saying this, and sending the disputants away again, but to no purpose. Now the Swiss are about to be readmitted to their right in the free zones, and the Genevois to their free imports from, and free exports to, the surrounding French countryside.

On the surface the litigation may not seem of much importance, aside from the city of the League being the centre of it. Actually, there may be more in it than meets the eye. The League is, by common consent, engaged in a fight for its survival. The inadequacy of the World Court is a frequent criticism. The zones case, dragging out since 1928, and with one side refusing to take its medicine, tends to bare the issue. The principal absurdity hinges on *both* sides having to agree to proceedings being taken and

(Continued on p. 250)

Swearing-in of a President of what should be, but is far from being, the instrument of Geneva should rule the world

THE KIPSIGIS

The Pastoral Tribe of the Victoria Basin

THE MODESTY OF THE KIPSIGIS: A young married woman fording a river holds up her skirt as did the Victorian matron crossing the road. Unlike certain tribes in adjacent territory, whose sense of physical reticence is as non-existent as that of the sun-bathers of Europe, the matrons of the Kipsigis endeavour not to expose the leg above the knee

The Kipsigis, whose name is little known to the reader at home, are the largest tribe of a group of Nilotic pastoral peoples living in the high country between the Rift Valley and the Lake Victoria Basin. This whole country lies across the Equator at an altitude of 5,000 to 8,000 ft. Of this area the Kipsigis occupy about 800 square miles just south of the Equator. It is beautiful, well-watered country rising from the grassy hills of the lower area on the East to the rolling Mau forest on the West, whence rise innumerable streams which find their way, first to Lake Victoria and finally to the distant Mediterranean.

It is generally agreed that the Kipsigis are an exceptionally nice people—they have even been called the "gentlemen of Africa."

Nevertheless they are not always popular either with the administration or the European settler, for they were a war-like people for whom war was both a livelihood and an amusement, and they find it hard to give up their old sport of making cattle raids upon their neighbours.

Furthermore they do not take readily to plodding agricultural work, for they are not ambitious to imitate the superficialities of European civilization, and buy the usual trade goods so beloved by the more imitative Bantu tribes.

They took readily, however, to ox-driving in the early days of colonization, and are now becoming lorry and tractor drivers. In agricultural work they take to such jobs as planting tea or coffee and pruning, whilst the children make excellent tea pluckers.

Contact with civilization on the whole, however, is having an adverse influence upon them. The old control of their unbreakable laws and customs is being weakened, so that there is danger of the people deteriorating, unless steps are taken to adapt our administration and education to their peculiar requirements.

They have a fine basis of morality and religion if the authorities but took the trouble to know and understand it, and see that they are not lost in our obsession with material economic progress.

They believe in the immortality of the human spirit, and that it is re-incarnated again and again in human form.

The spirits of the family or clan therefore continue to take an interest in the human world, resenting for example the ill-treatment of some member of the family. Thus, illness is often attributed to sin, or merely the ill-treatment of wife or husband or other relative—the sickness being a warning from the spirit of some member of the family. They are not, however, in fear of spirits as is often believed of Africans as a whole.

There are, indeed, a few who believe they communicate with spirits in visions, and so obtain information as to the treatment of sickness.

The emblem of God is the sun, and all their religious ceremonies take place at the altar outside the house facing the East in the early morning.

And what higher emblem of divinity could such a people hope to have, living, as they do, an open-air life, dependent on the sun for the grass for their flocks and herds, for their crops and for warmth: for at an altitude of 7,000 ft., when the sun does not shine, it is cold and miserable for a people with few clothes.

There is a pretty Kipsigi saying which illustrates well the benign and protective nature of God. When the guinea-fowl calls at dusk as it goes to roost, it says:

"Who will look after us,
who will take care of us,
God will, God will protect us."

I. O. O.

THE VANITY OF WOMAN is as visible to the discerning psychologist in the native races of Africa as in the capitals of Europe. The modesty referred to above naturally gives way in the privacy of this feminine enclosure

ALMOST INITIATES: Youths of the Kipsigis wearing the headdress of *masek*, which is adopted only during the last month of the initiatory period. The draperies worn are of undressed skin or of rude native-woven cloth

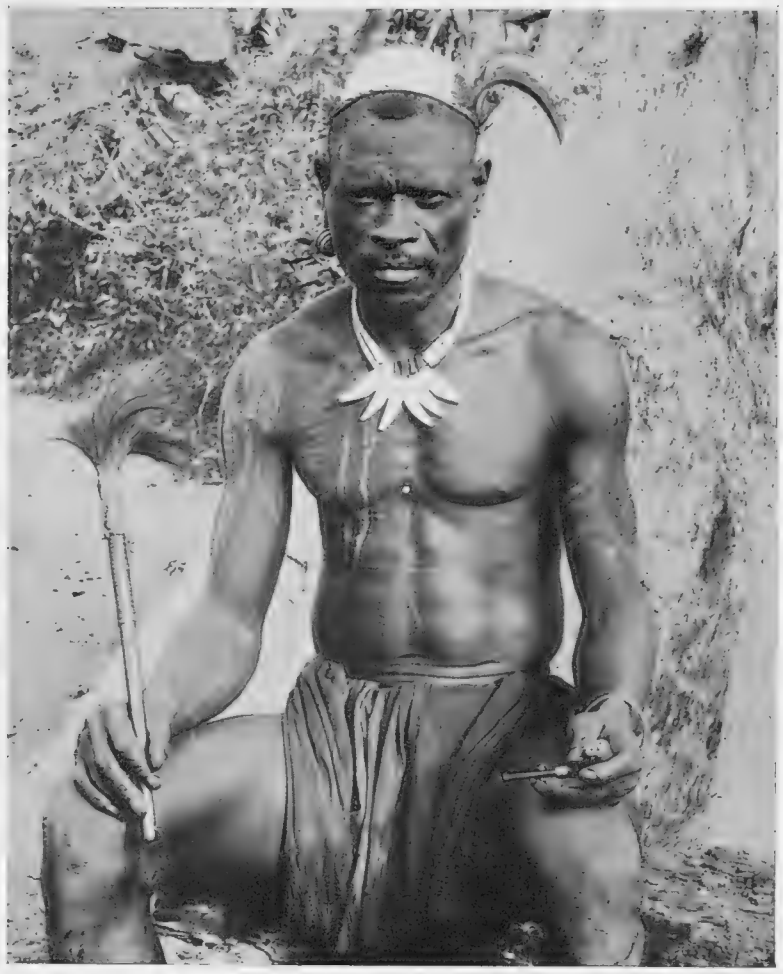
AFTER THE INITIATION the hair is ritually cut. Grimalkin is drinking the milk and salt-lick rubbed on the hair

MATERNITY: Two young Kipsigis brides, with the new-born baby of one of them, make a charming picture

FROM THE UPPER CONGO

And its Neighbouring Territory, Tanganyika

THE TALL MAN OF AFRICA: The tribe of the Ruandi Urundi region produces tall folk as may be seen by this giant who is over 8 ft. in height, while his wives are nearly 6 ft. tall. The tribe is said to produce the largest physiques in the Dark Continent



A BANGALA HEADMAN: A denizen of the Belgian Congo, where the great river bends from west to south. He carries a pipe in one hand and in the other a primitive emblem of his status

THE TONGUE OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS shot on Lake Edward, Belgian Congo. It is 3 ft. in length and—a delicacy in Africa—was boiled for six hours before being served. So tough was it even after this treatment that the knife and fork broke when trying to portion it out—to the delight of the native servants! The size of the "unruly member" is quite astonishing

FAMILY GROUP: This little company of Lifokos form a commendably cheerful gathering. Both the men and women of this race are finely proportioned—the torso of the man on the right is particularly well developed on European lines; his lips betray his Central African origin

d

THE REICHSBANNER is one of the many patriotic organizations which, to French eyes, forms the nucleus of a gigantic Army

PROPPING UP GERMANY'S FRONTIERS

The Franco-German Dilemma Revealed

By ROY ELSTON

(The recent Presidential election in Germany, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, and the General Election in France, have all acted to bring to the fore the question of Germany's military resources. Our correspondent, who has studied the question on the spot, believes that while it is possible to produce figures, and surmise still more, to prove at least on paper that the present military strength of Germany exceeds the allowances of the Treaty of Versailles, French fears are grossly exaggerated and based on wild suspicions. He believes, nevertheless, that while Germany is treated on a basis of inequality, there remains the danger of illegal military organizations developing out of the country's urgent need to feel secure against its many heavily-armed and unsympathetic neighbours.)

It is amusing. Peace pacts are signed. Archbishops invoke the disheartened dove and Prime Ministers fling crumbs to it. To the joy of leader-writers, camera-men, and Swiss hôteliers, disarmament conferences are held at suitable intervals. Our feet are set upon the shiny road to peace, whose shininess, I suppose, explains the skidding. It is amusing, but only if one is hardened to the grave ironies of international life; otherwise it is depressing and melancholy.

For if one considers the potentialities for European war at this moment, and the means for engaging in it, one is left aghast at the colossal failures of our Statesmen during the past fourteen years. Not the least for their recent enthusiasm at Geneva for the proposal, not to bury, but to blunt, the hatchet of war. I suppose they think it more peaceful that we should brain each other with the back of the hatchet than cleave each other's skull with the sharp edge. Perhaps it is. One gets confused.

"It is not a Disarmament Conference," said a German publicist the other day. "It is a meeting of seconds to decide the rules and weapons for an imminent duel."

The unhappy thing is that a practical example of disarmament should be one of the most depressing features of the international situation. Germany is that example, but perhaps it is not such a practical one after all. One hundred thousand Reichswehr, each member of which is ready at a moment's notice to knock into shape, and lead with skill and valour, twenty or thirty men; a police force which, in physique, bearing and training, is almost the equal of the Reichswehr; patriotic organizations with hundreds of thousands of members drilled to a superb precision and discipline, and inspired by enthusiasm that is worth a year's output from Krupp's; the strongest civil air force in Europe, convertible within twenty-four hours into a powerful military arm; haulage traffic maintained on a scale never dreamt of before: is this practical disarmament?

The French say it is not. Certain important French newspapers recently devoted an entire issue to a discussion of the question, and came to the very Gallic conclusion that the only way to prevent the European war for which Germany is feverishly and secretly preparing, is for the French armies to march in and occupy the Rhine. Thus is the spirit of amity fostered between the two greatest powers of Continental Europe. A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* asserts that the German recruiting depôts, suppressed by the Treaty of Versailles, have carried on since 1921 to the extent of being able, to-day, to lay their hands upon 7,000,000 recruits. If that is so, the recruiting depôts are monuments of camouflage, and the 7,000,000 men are miracles of secrecy.

Another wildly exaggerated statement which has appeared in reputable newspapers in France and flavours the shrill electioneering documents of the French nationalists is that the German Government has spent millions of marks on the testing and construction of caterpillar tractors ostensibly to be used for agricultural purposes but, in reality, designed for purposes of war. Say the French, these innocent-looking farm labourers conceal about their persons the most monstrous weapons of death. The modern Trojan Horse is an agricultural tractor! Such exaggerations do as much harm to the French as to the German cause, and merely add to that bitterness and suspicion between the two countries, which is the surest encouragement to war-like preparations.

French criticism is on more reasonable grounds when it discusses the Reichswehr and the numerous patriotic organizations which exist in Germany. There seems little doubt that the Reichswehr is the finest armed body of men in Europe. Its total strength is 100,000. According to the Treaty of Versailles (para. 160), its object is to maintain order within the country and to police the frontiers. According to the rules of instruction laid down by General von Seekt, the aim and purpose of its training must be preparation for war. General von Seekt's instructions are those which govern the training of the Reichswehr, and the result is a permanent army which, it must be confessed, has no equal in effectiveness. Is there any good reason why it should not be so? Even the framers of the Treaty of Versailles could hardly have expected the authorized Reichswehr to be a sort of glorified Boy Scout organization.

If the German Government takes full advantage of what the Treaty of Versailles allows, it cannot be blamed, and it is useless for the French to be peevish about it. Thus Germany is authorized to train and equip rather more than one hundred thousand special police (Schutzpolizei), in addition to the Reichswehr, and apart from the normal police force engaged in the usual tasks of petty crime detection, traffic regulation, etc.

The Schutzpolizei are, in effect, a military arm. They are organized on a military basis, subject to a military discipline, and, within the limits of the treaty, possess military arms. According to French criticism, the Schutzpolizei are destined to reinforce the Reichswehr at the first occasion. Perhaps so. It is a conjecture which sounds very plausible and, if true, would bring the national army up to two hundred thousand. Even that strength, however, is not very impressive when ranged against the fighting effectives massed up on the other side of Germany's Eastern and Western frontiers.

"Even if our forces were twice as numerous," said a German friend of mine, "what is their use without arms. Other countries have concentrated on arms during the past several years, where we are allowed, in addition to rifles, a few miserable pieces of light artillery and minnenwerfers. In the event of war, Germany would be overrun before she could lay her hands upon a tenth of the armaments and ammunition necessary to defend herself."

In addition to the three great national arsenals, there are some seventy-six private factories engaged in the construction of war material. The output is far greater than that required by an army of one hundred thousand men. That fact is made much of by the French. But I do not believe for one minute that this indicates secret arming by the Reich. Most of the arms produced in these private factories are destined for Russia and the Far East.

It is, however, true that the Reich's budgetary expenditure on arms looks rather extravagant by the side of the figures laid down in the Treaty of Versailles; and, undoubtedly, should the necessity arise, Germany would be able in a very short space of time to arm a very much bigger force than the Reichswehr.

A fruitful cause of suspicion in the past have been the unofficial patriotic and military organizations in Germany — the Stahlhelm, with something like 600,000 members, subject to military organization and discipline, and grouped into sections which exercise with the assistance of Reichswehr, personnel and material; the Reichsbanner, less militant, perhaps, but equally military; and finally, that tremendously enthusiastic and inflammable organization, the Hitler Army. The fact that the Stahlhelm and the Reichsbanner maintain the outward form and show of military units is not, perhaps, serious. Complaint is almost as justified against the Salvation Army or the Boy Scouts. With the Hitler Army it is a different matter.

I was recently present at an enormous gathering of the forces which owe allegiance to Herr Hitler. The parade had been ordered only a few hours before, and I had known nothing of it until, trapesing through a heavy storm in the early hours of the morning, I was astonished to see hurrying groups of uniformed men in every street I entered. There was something dramatic in the haste and intensity of these groups, marching swiftly and silently through the storm. The huge, solemn bell of the cathedral, tolling out across the half-awakened city, added to the sense of drama.

Had there been a revolution? Or were we still in the years before 1918? I followed one of the groups and came presently to the Rhine. What army was this? The bank of the river was lined, for over half a mile, with companies of men smartly uniformed, smartly graded, and smartly attentive to commands rapped out in the familiar style of the barrack square. A kind of divisional commander, attended by his staff, presently rode up. The salute was given. Orders were passed from company to company, battalion to battalion, and, without a hitch, this strangely impressive army moved off to the rhythm of martial music. There was something portentous in the brisk, machine-like regiments seen through a grey mist of rain.

"Who are these people?" I enquired of an onlooker.

"That's one of Hitler's divisions," came the surprising, and I thought, rather arrogant, reply.

"So. A fine body of men."

"A very fine body of men. And there are more than three hundred thousand like that in Germany."

The existence of this army has been a peril to the State for a long time, and action has at last been taken by the Reich to disband it. The order went forth, on April 13, that the Nazi forces known as the S.A. (Sturmabtheilungen, or Storm Detachments) and the S.S. (Schutzstaffeln or Defence Formations), were to be immediately dissolved throughout Germany. It is a big task, long overdue according to many observers, and, according to others, savouring strongly

(*Continued on p. 244*)

THE NAZIS are the most formidable organization in French eyes. Hitler, who, after his defeat for the Presidency, commands a majority in the recent elections, is here seen saluting the Swastika standards at a recent rally at Brunswick

THE ROYAL NAVY'S AIR ARM

THE MOTHER AND HER BROOD: A flight of Fairey "Flycatchers" just after taking off from H.M.S. *Courageous* which, with *Furious* and *Glorious*, were emergency war-time ships originally designed as cruisers. H.M.S. *Courageous* carries the flag of Rear-Admiral R. G. H. Henderson as R.A. Aircraft Carrier and carried the First Lord on his visit to witness the work of the Fleet Air Arm

WINKING A MESSAGE FROM THE HEAVENS: A naval observer flashing a message to a ship with an Aldis signal lamp—a picture taken at a height of 4,700 ft. The pictures on this page have been passed by the Admiralty

COMMUNICATION TO THE BASE: A naval observer keeps his H.Q. informed of "enemy" movements. *Above*, an aerial view of H.M.S. *Courageous* while aircraft were being ranged on deck. Both lifts are down and the wells can be clearly seen

Charles E. Brown

ALIGHTING ON DECK: A *Fairey 3 F* reconnaissance machine to which the deck landing party is making its rapid way

The Navy possesses six aircraft carriers of which only one, H.M.S. *Hermes*, was specially designed for its purpose; *Argus* was a converted liner; *Eagle* a converted Dreadnought; *Furious*, *Glorious*, and *Courageous*, converted cruisers. The Australian *Albatross* carries nine seaplanes but possesses no flight deck. Each carrier is commanded by a Captain, R.N., and flying operations are in charge of a Wing Commander, R.A.F. The pilots are drawn from the Royal Air Force and from the Navy. The naval officers take a course at a land aerodrome before flying from a carrier. Aircraft carried may be divided into three classes—reconnaissance machines of long range, torpedo bombers, and fast fighters. The occasion on which these pictures were taken was the first on which a press photographer had flown from an aircraft carrier

FORTY MILLION BEES ON

NOT A MESSENGER FROM MARS : One of the frequenters of the bee market in Veenendaal—the only one of its kind in the world. The veil and the pipe, cigar, or cigarette are integral parts of the bee-man's costume

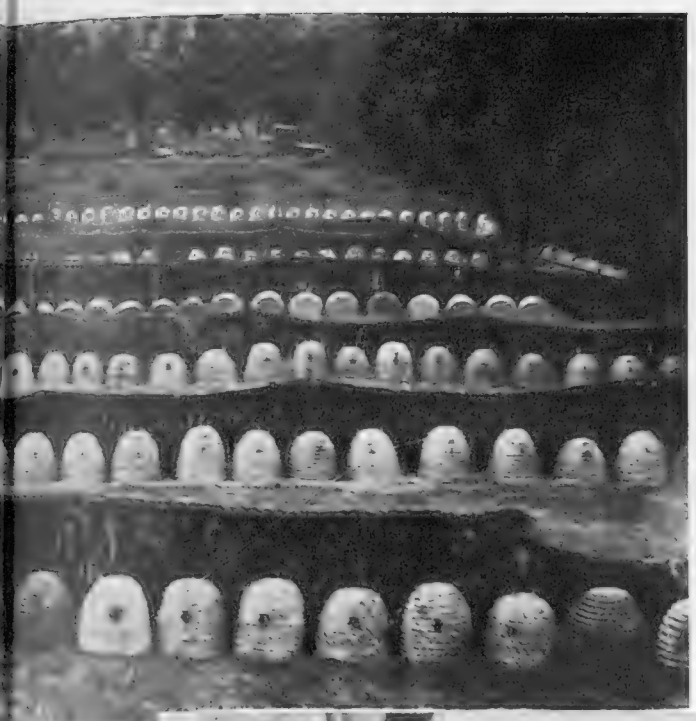
FORTY MILLION BEES ! A general view of the market at Veenendaal on the frontier between the two Da of Utrecht and Gelderland. The market is held only once a year and is quite an event. Long rovi protect the hives from wind and rain. The hives are set in rows, the unit of sale being hal

A FINE SHOW of bees and honey displayed to a prospective purchaser. The dealers are usually heavily masked in coarse gauze, in which a hole is cut to admit of some variety of smokable—for the smoke of nicotine acts as something of a soporific on the bees

A HIGH-RANKING DUTCH OFFICIAL : The State Superintendent of the Board of Bee Raising, in clothes characteristic of his class—the made-up bow set beneath the folds of a turn-down collar is quite typical of the Continental magistrate social stratum—examines the quality of a comb. He is not masked, for long usage has given him a practical immunity from bees. Even he, however, smokes a cigarette—and smokes it far down !

In Veenendaal on the border of the Dutch provinces Utrecht and Gelderland, the world's only large size bee market is held once a year. If a visit to this market did not have quite an element of danger to it, it would be a greater attraction to the tourist crowds than even Volendam and Marken. Here nothing is quite commonplace. The market folk equipped with their grotesque bee masks, seem like the visitors from Mars in an H. G. Wells fantasy. Two thousand hives, each of them containing 20,000 bees—40,000,000 bees in all — await their buyer. Now and then it happens that, during market day, a young queen, summoning a new apic race to follow in her train, separates herself from the old hive. In this case a new hive is quickly erected, the swarm instinctively heading towards it. But nobody knows who owns it. It is, therefore, publicly announced and held for sale. According to a quaint medieval custom the money received is distributed in three equal parts among the village poor, the church, and the inns of the village.

SALE IN HOLLAND



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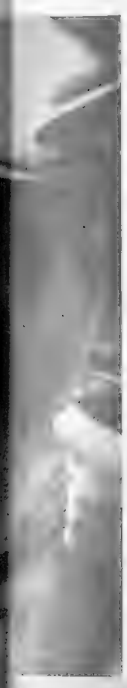


SOLD! Any hive which has been disposed of is marked, like a picture with a red seal, with a green twig. The hives remain in their places at the market until sundown when the bees, which, despite the fact that they are on view, may well have gone out gathering honey, return to their home

A SALE IN THE MAKING: A medieval tradition enjoins that when vendor's and purchaser's hands are touching during bidding no other purchaser or dealer may intervene with a higher bid. The types to be seen at Veenendaal rival those to be seen at any Dutch resort to which tourists flock

THE FASHION OF ONE DAY in the year at Veenendaal. The "gent's boater" is also *en règle* at the bee market. The gauze is pierced to admit of the wearer's smoking to soothe both the bees and himself

APIC PHOTOGRAPHY: Mme Margot Lubinsky, protected by the inevitable gauze and the equally inevitable nicotine, takes a camera study of bees at the Veenendaal market

ONE MILLION BEES mounted on a lorry. A pound of bees numbers 5,000, and a hive, excluding honey and wax, usually weighs 4 lb. avoirdupois, making a total of 20,000 bees

BOOKS:

Pity Poor Shakespeare: The Cause—and Effect—of Comets: The Record of a Vagabond: Lawrentian Mania, Personal and Idolatrous

By CECIL ROBERTS

The opening of the new Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, which seemed destined to be known as "the jam factory," despite the prepared eulogies designed to drown the chorus of anger that swelled above the maddened crowd, produced some amusing *obita dicta* on Shakespeare, as well as a very bad initial performance of his work. The fact that some of Shakespeare's plays are rank failures will never be admitted by the Shakespeare enthusiasts, who swallow good and bad alike in suppressed indigestion.

In fact, the only possible way of putting over some of the plays with the public would be for the Book Society to select one, with a recommendation by Mr. Hugh Walpole. It might then have the success of an initial discovery.

Two clear facts emerged from the opening ceremony concerning our national bard. The King went to the Cup Final, and the Prince of Wales deputized for him at Stratford. Also Shakespeare was pronounced a typical Englishman. If so, the less Shakespeare he! If there is one thing the typical Englishman prides himself upon it is that he could never and would never be mistaken by his worst enemy for a poet. The fall from the gold standard would not be such a severe fall from grace as the fact that he might be caught burbling airy nothings in blank verse. Shakespeare as a national asset is all very well, since so many seem impressed by him, but Shakespeare as a near relation is an unbearable thought to Mr. Jones, who encounters the bard with considerable distrust and annoyance in the morning cross-word puzzle. In fact, it is just as well to remember that no one thought much of "the typical Englishman" while he was alive, hence the squabble as to whether he ever existed, and for two hundred years he was completely forgotten. It seemed necessary to revive him to enable Bernard Shaw to obtain advertisement by tweaking his nose, thus treating him as a typical Englishman in Shaw's eyes.

The banquet, the speeches, and the opening ceremony having made Shakespeare a good news story, Stratford will settle down to its annual traffic in bardic lore, while a hundred landladies pray that the business at the "jam factory" will not be too seriously disturbed by the crisis in U.S.A. And as one Pilgrim remarked before the awful shrine, "Some woman's put it over that guy again."

But let us turn from the comic to the comet. Mr. Comyns Beaumont, undeterred by the fate of Galileo, has challenged the very foundations of astronomical science with his book, *The Mysterious Comet* (Rider. 10s. 6d.). Here is a downright reversal of the whole conception of cometary lore and of the origin of planetary worlds. Two things will happen to this book. It will either be completely ignored or it will bring about a revolution in thought as radical as that of Einstein's. There is no halfway about Mr. Beaumont, who has set forth his theory with the clearest data after many years of study. I cannot express any opinion upon his amazing deductions. I have neither the scientific knowledge nor can I assimilate so soon a theory so vast in its implications. Certainly Mr. Beaumont's case is strongly put. He does not claim any originality but merely to have restated what the ancients were well aware of, truths which the modern world has ignored or misinterpreted for twenty centuries. Briefly Mr. Beaumont denies that volcanoes are eruptive forces breaking from the incandescent interior of the earth. The centre of the earth is not super-heated materia, earthquakes are not caused by contractions of the earth's surface due to internal cooling. Volcanoes, earthquakes, typhoons, tidal waves, are external effects on the earth, the result of meteoric action. The Miami disaster of September, 1926, according to Mr. Beaumont's theory, was the direct result of the entry into our atmosphere of a meteor which fell in the ocean and set up a tidal wave. This meteor was seen low down on the horizon on the evening of the disaster at Whitstable, Kent.

This theory of cometary contact opens up a vast inquiry into the history of the earth. It is clearly stated in the opening of this fascinating book: "This world depends throughout for its sustenance, accretion, and continuance upon constant contact with forces outside the earth itself. The laws which govern the distribution of cometary bodies are obscure, but they most certainly exist . . . when this principle of meteorism is established it will no longer be possible to regard earthquakes, tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, or even perhaps epidemics as caused by movements within the earth."

That is Mr. Beaumont's case, and he supports it with geological, historical, and tribal evidence. I cannot express the excitement aroused in me by this provocative book. You are either with the author or against him, and he has thrown down a tremendous challenge to accepted tradition in scientific thought. One of the most striking chapters is that on the deterioration of the earth's climate. Mr. Beaumont carefully avoids obfuscation. He puts down his case in the most positive way so that every page holds the attention by the sheer force of the argument, and the astonishing co-ordination of facts which he has assembled in support of his theory.

"The twice-repeated number of stones round the two sacred temples of Baal and Ashtoreth, namely, thirty and twelve, in a circle of definite astronomical intention, indicates a year of 360 days consisting of twelve months of thirty days each, and not as at present of 365¼. If this be the case the earth has increased its orbit by five-and-a-quarter days. The only possible explanation is that since that time either one or more tremendous accretion or accretions have added to the weight of the earth and accordingly it has by the law of gravity expanded its orbit."

Mr. Beaumont might have called in to his aid the Sumerian year of 360 days whose sexagesimal division of four adjacent right angles constitutes the solar circuit.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Adventures of an Alpine Guide," by CHRISTIAN KLUCKER (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net); "Across Lapland," by OLIVE MURRAY CHAPMAN (Bodley Head. 15s. net); "A Tower of Skulls," by GERALD REITLINGER (Duckworth. 18s. net); "An Incorruptible Irishman," by E. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS (Nicholson and Watson. 18s. net); "The Curious Gardener," by JASON HILL (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net); "Stalin: the Career of a Fanatic," by ESSAD BEY (Bodley Head. 15s. net)

Wild Oats, by Eric Muspratt (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), is one of those books in which the author gets his effects by making himself contemptible. This is an account of a vagabond who left London without a passport, was a stowaway, jumped trains, got sent to a French gaol, lived with crooks, wastrels, and prostitutes, and who, clinging to his distaste for work in the crises of destitution wrote begging letters to his friends. Something of this untidy life might have been redeemed by a glimmer of intelligence, but Mr. Muspratt, despite a most tiresome attempt to pass himself off as a philosopher, in passages which almost ruin a lively book, shows not the slightest sensitiveness to art, architecture, sculpture, natural beauty, literature, or any of the interests incident to travel. Nor do I feel he is as naïve and innocent as he would make out. On his own confession he added robbery with violence to his disgusting tactics in Vienna. It seems impossible to believe that any man with pretensions to intelligence could avoid learning the name of the church in the Piazza San Marco at Venice. And that even so he could get so hopelessly muddled. "I sat on a stone bench outside a church in the Piazza San Marco. I forget the name of the church, but it is a very ancient and well-known one on the same side of the square as the Ponte Sospiri. The seats are let into the wall and the building comes right over the pavement like a verandah, and is supported by heavy stone pillars spreading upwards in a line of arches." Shades of Ruskin! Even without knowing that the Piazza takes its name from the church, one's mind totters before the spectacle of a philosopher who sat under the arches of the Ducal Palace and never learned the fact. Mr. Muspratt's interest in Venice seemed confined to the habits of perverts of which he gives pathological examples with a smug sense of having found good copy. The book is redeemed in parts by the smoothness of the narrative, though the exhibitionist in Mr. Muspratt is constantly emerging. The scenes in the French prison, and in court are excellent. It is a pity Mr. Muspratt has not found a friend with a censor's pencil. Philosophical pretensions, and revolting details of no importance might have been cut out of this narrative of a man who walked across Europe with no resources and little intelligence.

MR. COMYNS BEAUMONT, the Editor of the new *National Graphic*, whose book, *The Mysterious Comet*, maintaining the thesis that seismographic disturbances are the result not of intramundane movements but by cometary action, is reviewed above by Mr. Cecil Roberts

Mr. Richard Aldington contributes a most interesting preface, in the nature of a memoir, to D. H. Lawrence's last work *Apocalypse* (Secker. 10s. 6d.). While I find myself unable to subscribe to the exalted opinion in which Lawrence is held by his admirer, Mr. Aldington's portrait of this unhappy rebel against the universe is most vividly drawn and evokes a sense of pity for a mind of abnormal development. Lawrence lived ten years too long for his reputation. He became more and more unbalanced and violent in his hatred of society, pursuing the most fantastic ideas over the frontiers of delirium.

This last work, *Apocalypse*, is a sorry example. He seizes on the

(Continued on p. 244)

ON THE TERRACE OF THE MULINI PALACE, ELBA: A scene from the Drinkwater adaptation of the play by Mussolini and Forzano at the New Theatre. The costumes are by Shering ham. Mr. Robert Atkins who produced and plays the title-rôle is in the centre

AFTERMATH OF DEFEAT: Napoleon retreats after the overwhelming and final tragedy of Waterloo. The general atmosphere of these poignant hours of the Emperor's life are brilliantly—and accurately suggested

VILLAIN AND MINISTER: Fouché, Duke of Otranto (Mr. Arthur Wontner) with Regnault d'Angely (Mr. Wilson Coleman)

STAINED WITH TRAVEL, scarred with defeat, Napoleon returns from the fatal field of Waterloo

THE WAR GOD AS THE DICTATOR OF PEACE: The scene in the Château of Malmaison when Napoleon made his last grandiose attempt at establishing himself securely in Europe before his exile to the lonely island that forms the last moment of the play

NAPOLEON:

The Hundred Days

by B. Mussolini and G. Forzano

EMPEROR AND QUEEN: Napoleon (Mr. Robert Atkins) salutes his step-daughter, Hortense, Queen of Holland (Miss Ellen Pollock) in a salon in the Château of Malmaison—the only one of the twelve scenes in the play to be divided by darkness to indicate the passing of time

THE IRON DUKE: The antepenultimate scene of the play is set in the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington—a part played by Mr. Murray Carrington. The cast is one of the longest ever known in a "straight" play

THE PARLEMENT OF PARIS: One of the most effective scenes in the play is set in the Council Chamber of the Elysée Palace on June 21—an incident broken by an interlude in the Parlement itself

Pictures by Sasha

THE MOTHER OF KINGS—Letizia Bonaparte (Miss Haidee Wright) listens to the last and ultimate "if" of her fast failing son, while his step-daughter, the Queen of Holland (Miss Ellen Pollock), looks on. The map of Europe at his feet, where for years it had lain, the war-god of France sketches out an invincible campaign—if Paris would only grant him more men. The play has been adopted by Mr. John Drinkwater from the Italian of Benito Mussolini and Gioracchino Forzana and is presented at the New Theatre by Messrs. Sydney Carroll and Lewis Schaverien in conjunction with Messrs. Howard Wyndham and Bronson Albery. Mr. Carroll has received a congratulatory telegram, which includes the cast in its felicitations, from Signor Mussolini

PLAYS:

A Womanless Play of Interest: An Improbable Marine Vehicle for Mr. Nares: G. B. S.: A Dæmonic Shylock after a Diabolical Othello

By PHILIP PAGE

We hear much of the lack of poetic vision in the drama nowadays. Many silly little plays are produced about silly little people doing silly little things. Sometimes they are amusing little plays; usually they are not. Mr. Robert Nichols is a poet and a good one. Mr. Maurice Browne is a man of the theatre, but with ideals and courage. Together they have written *Wings Over Europe*, which, after pleasing America mightily (I rather suspect why), has now come to the Globe Theatre. So all should be well.

It is a play with a big idea. It might have been intolerably dull, since three acts of 10, Downing Street, with the Cabinet meeting at high pressure throughout, no love interest, no women in the cast at all, and hardly any attempt at humour is, if Mr. Nichols will forgive the unpoetical expression, "asking for it." Yet it is not dull, and that is something; nay, in the circumstances it is a very great deal. There are not many playwrights, poetical or otherwise, who would not jib at the prospect of dramatizing the release of atomic energy.

Since my companions at the first performance of this play were not Professor Einstein and Sir James Jeans (whose explanation of its theme I do not flatter myself I should have understood had they been willing to vouchsafe one) I propose to leave alone the whole question of force in the universe, the function of the atom, whirling electrons, and so forth.

A young man who understood them to the extent of having solved the problem of changing a Cabinet Minister's latchkey into gold as an indication that he could, if he willed, change Downing Street, England, or the whole world into nothing and wipe out the human race, confronts politicians gathered round a mahogany table. He believes he can bring about the millennium, for he is an idealist. They reply that the Man in the Street does not want atomic energy, or whatever it is, to work for him but prefers to do his own jobs; that only a few people have heard about Shelley and Clerk-Maxwell and still fewer wish to live up to their theories. The young inventor, at first benevolent, becomes malevolent when he is baulked. The Cabinet, most of them imbeciles, have, at any rate, the horse sense to scent danger and to put an end to this formidable genius.

Wings Over Europe would be more impressive were it less melodramatic in its later stages and less given to caricature throughout. Possibly with more realism it would not be "good theatre." There are some subjects, however, which if not treated with grim restraint go all to pieces. This play, I think, went all to pieces after Act I, though the interest did not wholly vanish. Granted that the splitting of the atom would split any Cabinet—as it did this one, for some were on the side of the inventor, I still cannot agree that, however much it may be the fashion to be amusingly disparaging about politicians, men who had had the gumption to attain Cabinet rank would have behaved like ninnies, and hysterical ninnies at that.

That Mr. Nichols should have made his young hero talk in high, poetic vein was to be expected. But, if Mr. Nichols will forgive my saying so, it robbed the youth of much sympathy. When the Lord Chancellor (not a very susceptible one in this case) called him a gas-bag, I, for one, was on the side of the law, though Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith was surely the most unpleasant man who ever sat on the Woolsack.

Considering the odds against him, Mr. Francis James put up a more than creditable performance as the atomic one. That the majority of the Cabinet were a bundle of distortions does not mean that no tribute should be paid to the good work rendered by Mr. H. R. Hignett, Mr. Melville Cooper (Lord Lonsdale grown political), Mr. Evan Thomas, Mr. Felix Aylmer, and Mr. Henry Wolston.

By an appropriate coincidence *Pleasure Cruise* is at the Apollo and "*The Heart Line*" is at the Lyric next door. To any shipping company in a receptive mood which turns portions of its fleet periodically into floating boarding-houses, I present the notion of calling itself "The Heart Line." We have the Clan Line; though anyone who would like to know what the word clannish really means had better journey to India by P. and O. in the company of pukka sahibs of the Indian Army (and their women folk) on the way to a few chukkers on the polo ground at Quetta. So any line which specializes in trips in the course of which young men and maidens grow amorous on the boat-deck after dinner should surely adopt a fitting name.

In *Pleasure Cruise* the maiden was in fact a young married woman who earned more money than her husband. "I got a degree at a university," says she, in the person of Miss Madeleine Carroll (so in this respect the play may be biographical) "and am on the steps of a career."

The moment the wife embarked on S.S. *Nebula* for a trip through Northern European waters she suggested that the career would be abandoned in favour of a profession—the oldest one in the world. Not only did she flirt openly and outrageously with a young bounder but gave him permission to visit her cabin one night. He did not pay that visit because he could not get out of his own cabin which had had its door roped up and was, apparently, not provided with a bell or a telephone. The next morning he laid his apologies at the feet of the young lady who was mystified, since she had not been alone that night and naturally imagined that the bounder, true to form, had been her companion.

One need not stress the improbability, for the same situation served as a smutty little yarn in the Decameron. We are hauled back to respectability by the revelation that the nocturnal visitor was the husband who secured a job on board as a steward, tying up the Lothario's cabin with a piece of rope pinched from the purser.

The author runs away from the real problem, which was that the wife had committed adultery in intent if not in fact and that the reconciliation in Act III in a pleasantly facetious farcical atmosphere would have been impossible had the husband cared a damn about either his wife or his self-respect. As emphasis is carefully laid on the fact that the man adored his wife to such a degree that he disguised himself in order to watch over her, the whole piece slips into imbecility.

I must add in all fairness that many scenes were accompanied by ripples of laughter, and that the fall of the curtain was greeted with enthusiasm obviously not due to relief that that event had occurred.

Mr. Owen Nares has been seen quite a lot of late as a romantic hero masquerading as a butler or a footman or a waiter, and he found this steward business pleasant going. He was, of course, quite charming. Glamorous support came from Miss Carroll, who, however, has not the ease this sort of thing demands, and really must not say "abso*lute*ly." Mr. Reginald Gardiner put some fun into the part of the philanderer, and the delicate methods of Miss Jean Cadell were wasted in a character of flamboyant farce. Perhaps the best performance of all was that of Miss Marda Vanne as a philosophic friend.

Considered purely as a play, *Heartbreak House*, revived at the Queen's, is several stages inferior to *Pleasure Cruise*. Its people, with two exceptions, are even less real, and there are touches in it of Shaw at his worst and weakest—the twisting of a moment of fine sincerity into a poor joke, the silly taste for a fancy costume, the business about the flute-playing, the Shavian burglar, and that stale representation of middle-aged women pursuing reluctant males which Gilbert wore so thin.

And yet what a magnificent entertainment it is! There is a mass of talk, but little, if any of it, could be omitted. The plot, such as it is, is a muddle, but one does not mind it being a muddle.

There has been the usual chorus about the impossibility of knowing what *Heartbreak House* is all about. Surely it is only too obvious that it is "about" nothing. I cannot bring myself to believe that this is a serious *play* at all, despite the seriousness of its preface. The characters are simply mouthpieces for chunks of witty commonsense, raised by moving eloquence on subjects of the deepest import.

To come to the main point at once, Mr. Ernest Milton, having recently shown himself as one of the worst Othellos on record, now deserves to be acclaimed as a magnificent Shylock. His performance in the present revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the St. James's shows the malignity of the man, his strength, his dignity. Although we sympathize with this Shylock (while disliking him) we are not allowed to sentimentalize over him. That is as it should be.

Mr. Milton's Shylock is intensely racial, and one would not (and could not) have it otherwise. Yet the difference between his performances as Othello and Shylock is not merely that he is physically suited to the latter but not to the former. It is the difference between poor acting and one of the greatest achievements on the London stage in recent years. Thank you, Mr. Milton.

Miss Mary Newcomb's Portia is good, although some people will not like her way of speaking Shakespearean verse and her occasional habit of slurring. But she is full of vitality and the right spirit of comedy.

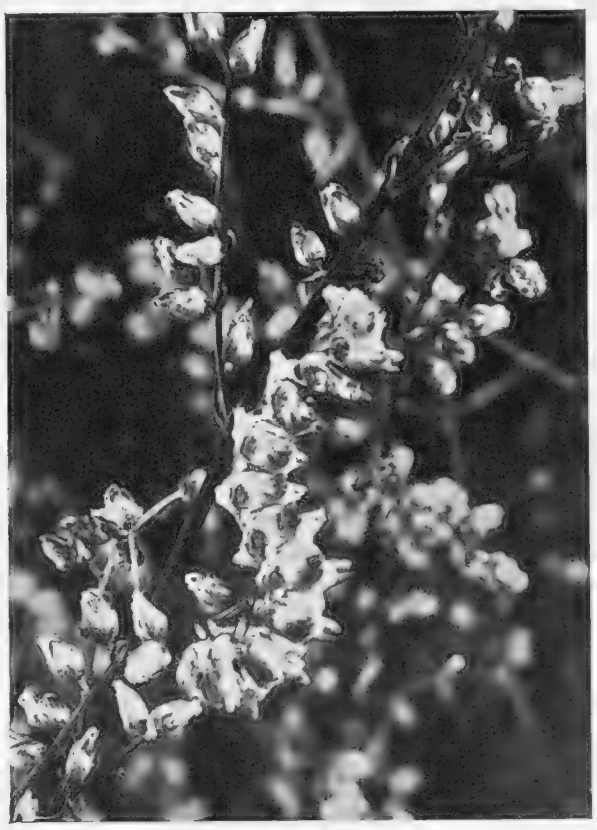
Lord, how I hate the Gobbos *père et fils!*

MR. JOHN LODER, the English actor, who has just returned from Hollywood, and is now playing in *The Wedding Rehearsal*, the first talkie to be launched by London Film Productions, Ltd. Mr. Loder was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and served with the 15th Hussars

NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE: The Pine Caterpillar closely resembles in both form and colour the pine needles which form the staple of its diet

INVISIBLE! Three Stick Caterpillars which so closely resemble the vegetation on which they feed that it is almost impossible to discern them save when in motion

THE HOME OF THE WOOD ANT: One may hear the patter of thousands of tiny feet as the workers hurry about their business. Swarming occurs on a windless day and pairing takes place before nightfall. Most of the eggs in a season augment the wingless workers, but at the close of summer a brood of winged "princes and princesses" is produced



PUZZLE—FIND THE CATERPILLAR: The camouflage of Nature has reached perhaps its acme of perfection in the caterpillar of circullia ortemisiæ. It is to all intents and purposes impossible to discover it on the plant whereon it feeds. Even with this aid to inconspicuousness many caterpillars are caught by insectivorous birds

A BEAUTY OF THE STREAM: The Demoiselle Dragon-fly—calopteryx vergo—is a true dragon-fly but, unlike the larger forms, such as libellula quadrimaculata, is seldom to be found ranging over heath and meadow at any distance from lake, pond, or stream

MAY GLORY: This example—libellula quadrimaculata—has just cast off the nymphal skin (*see left*) and completed the process of drying and developing its gossamer wings by pumping "blood" into them from its body. It is preparing for its first essay in flight

SUMMER WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE

In that marvellous annual spectacle called by Richard Jefferies *The Pageant of Summer*, nothing is more dramatic than the sudden reappearance of insects upon the stage. During the winter months, they scarcely figure in the naturalist's calendar. Then, as spring advances, comes a day of persuasive warmth and sunlight, and on every side the hum and rustle of their myriad wings are heard.

Bees flock to the early flowers—not only the sophisticated hive-bees, those dupes of mankind's passion for sweetness, but many untrammelled wildlings whose nests and dormitories are in subterranean burrows or hollowed stems. Beetles, like sparkling gems, scurry across the footpaths, or sun themselves at points of vantage on the adjacent herbage. The first butterflies to appear—the brimstones and tortoiseshells—are old stagers who, since their autumnal diversions, have lodged in the chinks and crannies of decaying tree trunks, or among the rafters of barn and outhouses. Not a few of them show signs of wear and tear; but even these employ their tattered wings to hurry to the nuptial revels which are already in progress where the buckthorn bushes are bursting into leaf and beds of stinging-nettle shooting.

But the black-and-white butterflies—those miscreants of the cabbage garden—are the truer portents of the resurrection which is taking place in every corner of the countryside. They are spick and span as a pierrot troupe celebrating the initial day of its season, having just escaped the mottled chrysalis-skins which swathed their budding infancy. So, too, with the dragon-flies, those tyrants of the shimmering air. They, in truth, are children of the sun, for not one of them is seen while summer tarries.

The marvellous birth of the butterfly has often been described and pictured. That of the dragon-fly, equally amazing, has received less attention—possibly because it takes place in strict seclusion, frequently when dusk is falling, so that at sunrise on the day following the insect appears as if by magic, gorgeously clothed in shining armour, alert, aggressive, and endowed with an instinctive capacity for aeronautics which the most practised airman might envy. Yet only a few hours earlier this resplendent creature was a repulsive ogre stalking its prey among the weeds and slime of a neighbouring pool. The explanation is that the female dragon-fly deposits her eggs in water, in which element her offspring (known technically as "nymphs") are destined to undergo the earlier stages of their transformation.

There is no definite "chrysalis" stage, as in the case of a butterfly. The mature nymph climbs slowly up some convenient stem or reed, out of the water into the air. After a brief interval, its skin splits above the back, and the living creature within begins to extricate itself. When the head and thorax have been freed, the dragon-fly—for already the lineaments of the new being are sufficiently evident—throws itself backward, and rests for some thirty minutes, supported by the hinder segments of the abdomen, which remain still in the old nymphal skin.

This pause seems necessary in order that the legs with their muscles may become tense and hardened; for a remarkable acrobatic feat is in prospect. As soon as the insect feels that its strength is equal to the strain, it jerks itself upward, grasps with its legs the upper part of the nymphal skin, and with the purchase thus gained, drags its abdomen clear. It has now to rest until its wings expand and harden, when it will be ready for its first flight.

In the pine woods the great mounds reared by the industrious colonies of the wood ant (formica rufa) once more show signs of strenuous activity. Listen! and in the warm stillness beneath the trees you may hear the patter of countless tiny feet as the "worker" ants hurry in their thousands. They are the architects and builders of the nest, its food-gatherers, and its nurses; for the "queens" are concerned only with egg-laying. Most of the eggs laid in a given season serve to augment the wingless worker population; but towards the close of the summer a brood of young "princes and princesses"—winged males and females—is produced.

H. B.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Gallipoli as We See It To-Day

Who was responsible for the tragic failure of the British attack at Suvla on August 8, 1915, which virtually ended the Gallipoli campaign?

Speculation as to the cause has again been revived by the publication of Volume II of the Official History with its exquisite maps by Major A. F. Becke. Brig.-General C. F. Aspinall-Oglander, the author, confirms the view already expressed by more than one authority that Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Stopford wrote its epitaph when he allowed the troops of his 9th Corps to stop for rest and water instead of pushing on, and occupying the Ismail Oglu Tepe and Tekke Tepe heights which were the crucial objective of that second and most critical day.

He quotes surprising facts noticed by Lieut.-Colonel Rettie, who commanded the 59th Brigade R.F.A., when he landed at mid-day:

"I was struck by the restfulness of all around. There appeared to be little going on, a good many infantry sitting about or having a bathe. The impression conveyed to my mind was that of a 'stand fast' at some field day."

Sir Ian Hamilton, the Commander-in-Chief, was similarly impressed with the prevailing inertia. In his Diary we see him setting out from the island of Imbros, impatient to know the position. He had had good news from Anzac and Helles, scant news from Suvla at 10.50 in the morning, and by mid-day nothing further.

It seemed an ill-fated day. The ship on which he was relying to take him over had, cussedly, chosen that very moment to draw fires without warning him. When eventually he reached Suvla he found Stopford's troops still held up in the foothills beyond the Salt Lake. According to plan, they should have been on the crests, for there was practically no opposition.

"But they held that line, more or less, yesterday?" he asked Stopford.

Stopford agreed, pointed out that the Brigadiers had been ordered to gain what ground they could without serious fighting, but pleaded that the men were very tired and he had not been able to get water up to them or land his guns as quickly as he had hoped. Accordingly, he had decided to postpone the occupation of the ridge until next morning. It might lead to a stiff engagement.

Hamilton inwardly fumed. The previous afternoon his cabled order had been "Push on rapidly." Stopford apparently had only made up his mind about it within the past hour.

"We must occupy the heights at once. It is imperative we get Ismail Oglu Tepe and Tekke Tepe *now!*" the C.-in-C. declared.

Stopford again raised objections about the water and the guns; the combination of naval and military artillery was being worked out for the following morning, orders would have to be rewritten, and so forth. There were many tactical reasons against pushing on; his generals had told him their men were too tired. . . .

"Was it not the greatest of soldiers who said his marshals could always find ten good reasons for putting off an attack till next day?" is his diary comment.

He decided he would himself see the G.O.C. Division and the Brigadiers. Stopford excused himself, he had not been very fit, there was something wrong with his leg.

Hamilton saw the G.O.C. and the Brigadiers, and met much the same excuses, especially from one Hammersley, whom he told, he says, to advance his brigade *at once* and dig in on the crestline. Those hills, which could be had just by walking up them, would cost something to-morrow when Turkish reserves, which were on the way, were on them.

But when the troops did get on the move it was already too late.

And the irony was that, just beyond those crests, in the villages of Anafarta, were wells, *water!*

"Here was a victorious division, rested and watered, said to be unable to bestir itself, even feebly, with less than twelve hours' notice!"

No wonder Hamilton was angry.

Had those heights been occupied by only one battalion of the Irish, 32nd, 33rd, and 34th Brigades, the attack would probably have ended successfully; resistance at Anzac and Helles, farther south, would have crumpled; the Turks would have been off the peninsula.

Something went wrong. Was it inertia from above rather than exhaustion from below? Did Stopford allow himself to be too easily dissuaded by at least one Brigadier? There is an interesting entry in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Gallipoli Memories* concerning a lunch at G.H.Q. a day or two before the attack:

". . . next to me was Sir Frederick Stopford, a man of great kindliness and personal charm, whose conversation at lunch left me at the end of the meal completely without hope of victory at Suvla. The reason for this apprehension was his inability to squash the new General opposite, who was one of the Brigadiers in his Army Corps. This Brigadier was holding forth almost truculently about the folly of the plan of operations drawn up by the General Staff, while Sir Frederick Stopford appeared to be trying to reassure him in a fatherly way. . . ."

Perhaps Gallipoli's epitaph was written at that lunch . . .

Trevor Allen

TWELVE TREE COPSE CEMETERY, HELLES, GALLIPOLI: Here sleep the men who made the desperate attacks on Kritha early in May, 1915. It was so named on account of a clump of pine trees in close vicinity to the cemetery. In this cemetery rest side by side men from all parts of the Empire

LONE PINE MEMORIAL: The massive pylon in plain ashlar about 45 ft. square in plan and 47 ft. high. The names of the Australian dead are carved on panels on the screen walls in front of the Memorial; those of the New Zealand dead on similar panels on the Memorial itself

CAPE HELLES MEMORIAL overlooking the beaches—where the original landings were made. On the four panels of the main plinth are inscribed the names of the battleships, battle-cruisers, and the division and brigades which fought on the Peninsula

SHRAPNEL VALLEY, close to Anzac Cove, Gallipoli, where the Australians and New Zealanders landed on April 25-26, 1915. As the name indicates, this valley was subject to continuous shrapnel fire, and was under observation from the Turkish positions on the not too distant hills during the whole of the occupation. Bushes of Rosemary—"for remembrance"—make the soldiers' cemetery fragrant

THE ACTUAL LANDING-PLACE, ARI BURNU (ANZAC), on April 25-26, 1915. Ari Burnu is about one mile north of where the original landing was intended. The gravel-faced cliff, some 300 ft. high (in the centre of the picture), is practically unclimbable, and was called by the Australians and New Zealanders "The Sphinx." The picture was taken from the spur known as "Walker's Ridge"

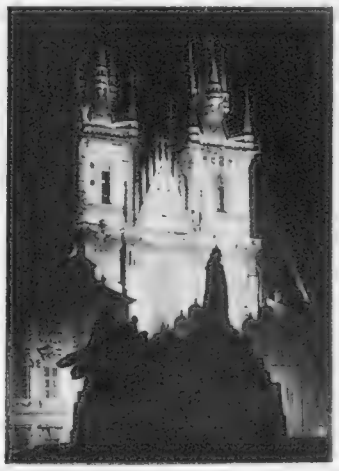
The above pictures are the result of a recent visit to the Gallipoli Peninsula. They show the cemeteries, memorials, and battle-sites as they are to-day

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE BEAUTY OF THE BAROQUE: Charles Bridge and Castle Hradcany with Prague, ancient capital of Bohemia, in the distance

The PLEASURES of PRAGUE

Cóme with me to the kingdom of old King Wenceslas, a fairyland throbbing with activity in the very heart of Europe, a meeting place of East and West where people live as in the tenth century side by side with people who provide us with a "metropolis"-like vision of the future—a land patchworked with industry and soaring with the fierce Tatra mountains, a land forever enriched by history and art! This magic kingdom from which you get glimpses of Bohemia, Slovakia, Silesia, Hungary and Russia, is none other than Czechoslovakia, better known to modernity as the Pilsner Paradise . . .



ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX: The Church of Our Lady of Tyn and the Huss monument

Prague, its capital, lies enfolded in the gentle slopes of seven hills, a fitting background of natural scenery for the rich and delicate beauty of its baroque houses, sloping pantile roofs, copper-covered domes and crooked streets. Although peace and silence eddy round the old Town Hall, the Mala Strana, the castle, the quaint bridges that span the meandering Vltava, animation revolves in whirlpools throughout the business town with its mushroom growth of wide boulevards and ultra modern concrete blocks.

In fact, *contrast* is the keynote of the city! For instance, old taxis are prohibitive in price to such an extent that we lead our driver to the police station, only to discover that the brand new and expensive fleets of cars have a set charge roughly 50 per cent. lower than his. We meet an athletic population trained by the famous *Sokols* or gymnastic societies and obviously living on a diet of self-restraint—yet the food consumed in Prague is truly colossal and a Czech sandwich (mere morsel to the native) is a seven course meal on a slice of bread. Restaurants are plentiful but invisible—until you find them disguised as *Kavernas* and hiding on any floor but the ground floor. Even the beds, which appear normal at first sight, delight in this unavoidable spice of contrast, for bedclothes are unknown and a single eiderdown buttoned in a top sheet keeps one's middle overheated and one's toes twinkling in the frost. Last of all, Prague, the city of lovely houses, has little or no home life, its population being for ever swallowed up by the busy streets, the eighty picture palaces, the fifteen theatres and the four hundred cafés.

IN THE COSTUMES OF MORAVIA: A touch of the old contrasting with modern Czechoslovakia

Let us follow these gregarious humans, since we are bent on pleasure, after exploring the Jewish cemetery (one of the oldest in the world), the medieval monuments and the shops—a sore temptation to women, for they are filled with the kaleidoscopic glory of beads, the sheen of perfect linens and the fantasies of the Bohemian glass-blower's art.

The night life is certainly characteristic.

Here is the beer hall. It conjures visions of old Dutch paintings; imagine huge oak-panelled rooms and an atmosphere of plenty, be it children, food, drink, humour, merriment, or community singing. Stout and kindly waitresses look after all and sundry, hawkers sell their sweetmeats, sugared apples, nuts and almonds with a song; everyone is friendly, well-behaved, and very jolly without a sign of drunkenness.

The café is our next haunt. A few large ones with their premises on the street level reveal rows of tables, rows of tankards, rows of papers and periodicals held in front of rows of faces painted with grim determination. This is the reading club! Elsewhere we come across small wiry men in their prime and tubby overcoats discussing business with Czech-concentrated purpose. This serves as a Chamber of Commerce! Further on, sedate, sensible, and spreading wives knit with urgency and the obvious intention of providing the next ten generations with hole-proof socks. This is the woman's institute! In turn, the café is card club, highbrow musical society, or gymnasium, the last-named institution being the Czech version for dancing. Here youth is much in evidence, for the pastime combines exercise with the possibllities of a matrimonial bureau on a minimum expenditure of cash. Little money is spent on refreshments, so the management make a charge of roughly twopence for listeners and ninepence for dancers. Some of these cafés close at 11 p.m., whilst others remain open till morning.

M. B.

HARDANGER N BLOOM: This heavenly little pathway drops down to the northern shore of the Hardanger Fjord. Beyond some lingering snow is visible on the heights of Folgefonn

BLOSSOM BY THE TORRENT'S EDGE: There is a charming ramble by this foaming stream under the vertical cliffs of Flaamsdalen

SPRING PICTURES from the Fjords of NORWAY:

From a Norwegian correspondent have come these pictures of Norway in Spring. They will stir the hearts of all those who have had any acquaintance with the glimmering waters of the great ocean fjords of Norway. The well-advised are already booking their cabins on the

AT THE HEAD OF THE FJORD: Ulvik, that delightful little town right at the head of Hardanger Fjord, has been looking lovely these days; over the spring blossom one can see the little church and town

ETHEREAL BEAUTY: Sunset tinges the mountains to a blushing rose—hence the name Rosengarten—a view from Bolzano

A MEMORIAL AT STALHEIM: Not far from the hotel at Stalheim there is a characteristically Norse memorial to the engineer who built the roads across the mountains

OVER THE WATER TO CHURCH: Sunday is the day on which to see Norway at its most picturesque. Hardanger folk are seen in Sunday dress

favourite boats which are to take holiday-makers to Scandinavia during the summer months from June to September. The May tours have already begun. You can cross to Norway in less than a day and every Wednesday the S.S. "Jupiter" will take you to Stavanger, and on Saturdays you can step aboard the motor vessel, "Venus," also at Newcastle, and away to the Hardanger country where you can stay at the head of this wonderful fjord at Ulvik. Thence you tour through delightful places and see all the wonders, if you wish, of the Hardangervidda

The TREASURES of TYROL

Those who have seen *White Horse Inn*, whose London run has just closed, can scarcely fail to have experienced some urge to visit the famous country of its setting.

Picture to yourselves, a narrow winding, rugged path, curling upwards through the vineyards. Here and there a little shrine. Often a casket set deeply in the rock. Sometimes a tiny monument and crucifix with pantiled roof, commemorating some tragedy as depicted in a simple drawing framed below. Reaching the crest the scene broadens. Across the gorge a castle stands, perched with majestic dignity athwart a vineclad spur, whose naked sides drop sheer away. Here, high above the upper valley of the Adige is Tyrol, the one time stronghold of the Romans, and where the district takes its name.

LOMBARDESQUE: The strange architecture, with its red marble lions, in Bolzano

Far below, hugging the snow-clad mountains at the parting of the valleys, lies Merano. A town of contrasts in beauty and fashion. As the slow-moving ox-cart ambles through the narrow streets it passes with blissful unconcern the mountaineer, with dark green chamois breeches, embroidered waistcoat and hat with jaunty plume, accompanied by his wife, who strides along bare-headed, carrying an immense rucksac. As they turn weather-tanned faces to the peaks they hope to conquer, one is reminded that here Sigismund brought his Scottish bride, Eleanor, to live at a tiny dwelling called the Burg. He loved this country, and was perfectly content to hunt the chamois in the mountains. Once, so story relates, he got lost and was rescued by an angel in the guise of a shepherd boy.

In Tyrol, everything is beautiful, for it lies under the eaves of the most magnificent mountain ranges of the Alps, through which the Inn and Adige flow like silver ribbons. Here under the shadow of the Dolomites, that limestone range of fantastic shape, name after Dolomieu, the French mineralogist, who attempted to pierce their mysteries, are found curious freaks of Nature. Queer shafts of rock rise like the pinnacles of some prehistoric cathedral. Sharp, needle-like and pink. Each capped by a stone grotesquely balanced on the tip. Nature's joke is easily solved! Rain washes away the soft earth, leaving the rocky core, which wind and weather sharpen to the spike that tries to split the last rock waiting to be dislodged.

Bolzano, surrounded by vineyards and tree-covered mountains, is a worthy centre of attraction. Great has been the heartburning of loyal Austrians, compelled under Italian regime to forget Botzen of the past. Their native tongue too must be forgone, whilst the dictatorship of Italy requires even surnames to be changed. Nevertheless, the old-world atmosphere of the Laubengasse, with its fruit and vegetable market and picturesque Tyrolese costumes cannot be effaced, nor can the innate love for native soil and intense patriotism be destroyed.

To see from here the magnificent view of the Rosengarten, as this part of the Dolomites is known, is to behold a sight of almost ethereal beauty. It is not surprising, therefore, that country such as this is steeped in legend, and adds an air of glamour to ancient castles peeping down from almost inaccessible rocks.

One of the most curious relates to the Castle Karneid. When plague visited the district the Counts of Karneid promised to make freewill offerings if the inmates of the castle were spared. Although their prayers were granted they omitted to fulfil their vows and so were stricken with illness. That night the doors of the castle opened and a troop of phantom horses carrying the cloaked figures of the dead was seen galloping away. The portals of the church at Weissenstein opened automatically to receive them and the grisly riders flung themselves down before a sacred picture. But it was too late for penitence, for next morning the monks discovered a heap of blackened bones piled up on the floor.

WITH A ROOF OF GOLD: The building erected in 1425 by Duke Frederick, in Innsbruck

H. A. J. L.

For particulars of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau see page 247

HUNTING

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S HOOF-PRINTS! Master Arthur Freeman, the son of the Huntsman of the Eridge, follows hounds at the age of five, at the Children's Meet held at the Kennels

TOO YOUNG FOR THE HUNT: A trio of puppies in the kennels of the Eridge. Next season they will probably be out with the pack, but this year they watched with mournful eyes their fellows move off without them

IN THE RING: Foxhound puppies in the judging ring at the Lammerton Kennels, Tavistock, Devon. Bowler hats and white coats seem *de rigueur* for such canine social occasions

A MEET AT PREHISTORIC CAVES: Captain Hodgkinson, Joint Master of the Mendip, takes a stirrup cup in the mouth of Wookey Hole Caves, near Wells, Somerset—a formation dating back to pre-history. The fox may now, for a few months, run at peace, wreaking his havoc, unchecked by scarlet- or ratcatcher-clad huntsman, upon the hen roosts of the country until the "View Holloa" rings out anew in the crisp Autumn days to which devoted followers look forward

WEDDING

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Mr. M. Kennerley with his bride, Miss Jean Simpson Baikie. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Kennerley of Park Avenue, New York

"AND HER *DOGGIE* CAME TOO!" Mrs. M. Kennerley (Miss Simpson Baikie, daughter of the late General Sir H. Simpson Baikie) picks up her dog when leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: Mr. Eric William Edward Mann, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Mann of Kitemore House, Faringdon, Berks, and 15, Hyde Park Terrace, and Miss Helen Sholto Douglas, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Douglas of Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S. The Rev. E. K. C. Hamilton officiated. The bride wore a gown of oyster satin

BREEDING

A "DOGGED" GAME: A Scottish XI of West Highland terriers, the property of Messrs. Thornton of Warren Row, Henley-on-Thames. They play soccer with a balloon and a light football, and head with great skill

"THREE BAGS FULL!" Miss M. Tucker's Old English Sheep Dogs *Bear a Shepherdess, Watchers Jim* and *Watchers Brigand*, exhibited at the Guildford and District Canine Society Members Show at Guildford

A CASE FOR THE JURY! Four competitors, owned by Mrs. Boyd Buckle, which appeared last week at the King Charles Spaniel Club Annual Show at St. Peter's Hall, Victoria. The variety of expressions is remarkable

EMBLEM OF ENGLAND: The magnificent head of Captain and Mrs. Campbell's *Rodburne Frincess* which was awarded reserve championship at Cruft's. The Bulldog Club's Show was held a few days ago at the Drill Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury. Despite their grotesquerie of aspect and their delicacy of health, the British bulldog maintains a high level of popularity, owing largely to their fidelity, their affection, and the exuberant appeal of all their race

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

VIOLINS FOR STUDENTS: Realizing that even to learn the violin on an indifferent instrument is an impossibility, Mrs. Croll, of 9, Westbourne Street, has applied for good violins to be lent to her. These she lends to students of promise on the lines of a subscriptionless lending library. Above the secretary is seen among a batch of arrivals from many quarters

A KREISLER DISCOVERY: Miss Lillian McEvoy, who was heard playing the violin in the street in Dublin by Kreisler. On his recommendation she was engaged by the Theatre Royal

A JAZZ BAND OF SOCIETY GIRLS: Miss Sheila and Miss Dodo Annesley, the Hon. Doria Stanhope, and Miss Rhona Babbidge

SOCIETY MANNEQUINS: Miss Child, Miss Rice, "Marcia," Miss Sammut, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, and Miss Stevenson, who acted as mannequins a few days ago

A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER: Miss Maud Sumner, whose first one-man show at the Galerie Drouet has been lauded by the artistic pundits of Paris

TO DISPLAY CHANEL MODELS: A group including Miss Child, Miss Rice, Lady Pamela Smith, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, Miss Charles, Miss Brace, and Princess Dmitri, who have adopted the career of mannequin. As we go to press they are in Paris being fitted for their clothes, and will display them at the great *couturier's* establishment in London

MISS SALLY LINDLAY, daughter of our Ambassador to Japan, who has inaugurated a novel dress-making business, making frocks from customers' material, in Brook House, W. 1

THE WORLD OF WOMEN —

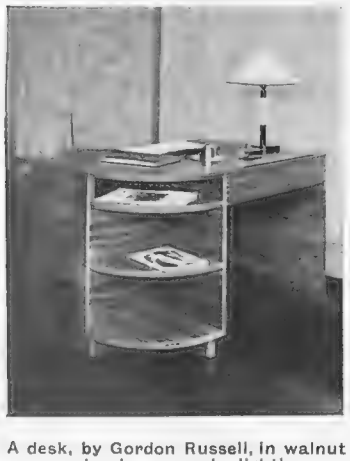
THE OCTAGONAL BATHROOM

Humphrey Joel

A modern bathroom in a house in Hertfordshire. Its octagonal form is lined with painted canvas; it has a sun-bath with sienna marble skirting; and the floor is also of sienna marble but of a lighter sienna shade

ON WRITING TABLES and a BILLIARDS TABLE

It would be pardonable to assume that requirements when writing are one of the few things that have scarcely changed at all in the last two or three hundred years, and that, therefore, furniture for writing of the Queen Anne and Chippendale periods is as fully serviceable to-day as when first designed. Very largely this is true. The invention of the fountain pen has reduced the necessity of ink weils and pen wiper, and modern writers' furniture is generally designed to occupy as little space as possible; but on the whole many antique examples are still practical as well as charming.



A desk, by Gordon Russell, in walnut and cherrywood, lightly wax polished. Both mellowness and patina will improve with the passing of time

The major articles of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century writing equipment were of two types: the pedestal desk and the bureau. The former consisted of a table surface with two pedestals, generally of four drawers each, supporting the table on either side of central knee-hole space. Incidentally, pedestal desks of earlier origin than the mid-eighteenth century are exceedingly rare, and they are generally constructed of mahogany, not walnut.

The walnut bureau with a fall writing front, pigeon holes, little sliding drawers, and a well for valuables or private papers was perfected in the Queen Anne period. Frequently the Queen Anne bureau includes three full-length drawers beneath in the manner of a chest of drawers; and sometimes the drawers are arranged like the small tables with shaped fronts which seem to have been used both for writing and as dressing-tables.

The secrétaire of the Sheraton or later eighteenth-century period marked a considerable advance in furniture for writing.

A billiards-room in one's home, especially where there is a family, is such an enjoyable source of recreation that there must be many people who are only deterred from installing one by the thought that a billiards-room means one living-room the less. And it is precisely in houses where there is a family that space is often too precious for a room to be spared for this purpose.

But has it ever occurred to you that it is possible to install a billiards-room in the attic? When children are young the rather awkwardly-shaped room beneath the roof is often equipped as a day nursery; later it becomes a schoolroom—but when the children reach their teens the time has come to turn the attic into a billiards-room. If, at the same time, you also include plenty of bookshelves and comfortable seats the room may also be used, when games are not being played, as a den or a reading-room. How much better and more practical than using the attic merely for lumber.

This mahogany secrétaire with its ornamental handles is a delightful example of the refinement of the late eighteenth century

An attic billiards-room which has recently been installed in a house at Hampstead by Mr. Laurence A. J. Rowley, is illustrated on this page, and it will be seen at once that this interior is quite different from the ordinary billiards-room with which we have so long been familiar. The table itself instead of showing the usual six, heavily-proportioned legs, rests on a long plinth, and this, in addition to being pleasing in appearance, has several advantages. A table on a solid support works out slightly cheaper than a table on legs; the pedestal provides a more efficient foundation for the slate or compo bed which is so important to the game, and it is easier to set the table top true and level.

B. B.

An ultra-modern treatment of a billiards-room into which an attic of a house in Hampstead has been transformed. A "butt" is, conceivably, more often required in play than is normal in a more conventionally designed billiards-room

THE FIREPLACE THAT RUNS

Monsieur Roux-Spitz has produced a really remarkable effect by the generous use of marble in this fireplace for a Paris house. Two slabs of marble project and form pilasters enclosing other recessed slabs, the whole composition running up to the ceiling. Triple electric lights appear on each side. Hung from the ceiling level is one of Monsieur Jean Dupas's delightful compositions, the decorative quality of which suits them admirably

THE LADY OF THE LAM
from Callot Sœurs—a
Jersey silk—displayed to gr
tive example of "

FROM FLOOR TO CEILING

One of the latest models gown in two shades of yellow advantage beside an attrac- ng in the home "

for a central position of this kind. The fireplace itself is an open one for burning wood and is enclosed with narrow white bricks. The fender appears in the form of a specially designed copper fence with an attractive little gateway in the centre. The fender rests upon a marble slab slightly sunk below the level of the carpet which comes closely up to a metal edging surrounding the fender space. The fireplace is supported on each side by bookcases

THE OCTAGONAL BOUDOIR

Humphrey and Vera Joel

The boudoir in a house in Kensington designed by Messrs. Stanley Hall and Easton and Robertson. It is modelled on the D'Este Room in the South Kensington Museum. The sky is blue dusted with gold

THE PROBLEM of HANGING PICTURES

Unless your home is of that ultra-modern variety where pictures are either completely banned or reduced to a casual print or canvas, the problem of hanging paintings is bound to have a certain importance. Indeed, so important is it that an incorrect solution may mar the effect of the most tasteful furnishings or background.

A dining-room designed by Mr. Duncan Grant, to display four modern paintings symmetrically placed above twin serving tables

It is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules for general adoption. To achieve a satisfactory arrangement means that a number of things must be taken carefully into consideration in each individual case. Among them are the size and height of the room, the position of the furniture, and the type of wall covering.

It is obvious that in a small room too many paintings should be avoided on the same principle that any overcrowding of furniture or ornaments is undesirable. In a room with a high ceiling there is the temptation to hang rows of pictures one above another, particularly if one has an abundant supply of inherited or acquired canvases to dispose of. But, at the cost of relegating a portion of one's treasures to attic or storeroom, this temptation should be resisted.

The best position for seeing a picture is at or even slightly below eye level. In rooms with low ceilings it is easy to carry out this ideal of a single line of canvases. If, however, pictures are plentiful and the room extremely lofty, a compromise may be effected by hanging one picture below the eye level and another a few inches above. This may leave a large gap between the canvas and the cornice, but that is preferable to having the perspective and colouring of paintings falsified by being placed too high.

A collection of old French prints hung at eye level. The double row adds to the decorative interest of a London room which derived its panelling from a French château

Sometimes one's arrangement of furniture must be allowed to dictate the position of one's pictures. A fairly high piece, such as a bookcase or a tallboy, can be made the central feature of an attractive grouping of canvases. Something long and low may be placed just over the piece of furniture and two upright paintings—preferably similar in subject and framing—can be hung to each side.

Mantelpieces are are a fertile field for many ingenious arrangements. Besides the time-honoured family portrait over the fireplace there are plenty of other devices. One is a central upright picture flanked by horizontal canvases placed symmetrically on a lower level, or a step-like arrangement consisting of a long upright hung near the mantelpiece at one side, then a horizontal canvas centrally placed, and then another upright to the other side higher up. If pictures are to play an important rôle in any room, the walls should be kept neutral. A dull surface is usually more suitable than one with a high gloss. Such colours as cream, beige, primrose, parchment, buff stone, light grey, or oatmeal are best. Dead white is too severe a test for most paintings and vivid colours offer too great a contrast with the pictures themselves.

Hung at eye level, this picture hung above an Empire Console table, arrests the attention by its isolation

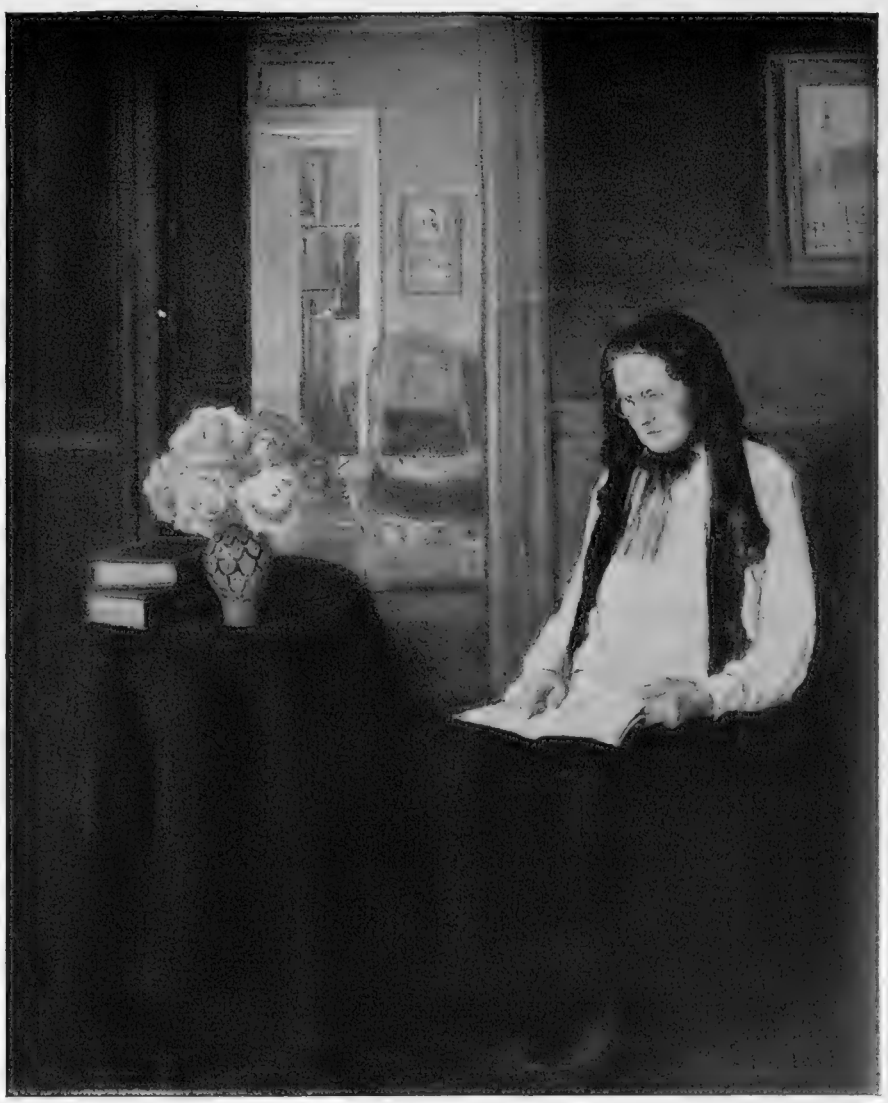
Considerable care in the selection of paintings must be exercised if rooms are to be covered with wall-paper with figured designs. Prints, engravings, or water-colours are generally more appropriate than oils for such rooms. Panelling also requires great discretion in the choice of pictures, especially as regards framing and positions.

If the panels are small, as in Tudor and Jacobean times, a series of small, round or oval canvases forming a decorative ensemble is most effective. More latitude can be allowed with the larger Queen Anne or Georgian panelling. Often such panels make a delightful framework for a large portrait or flower subject.

K. M.

CANVASES in the NEWS

"LACE MAKERS OF BRUGES," BY EUGÈNE PESSÉ: A brilliant treatment of a peculiarly Flemish atmosphere—a sensation of the Salon



"INTÉRIEUR," BY LÉON BECKER: This canvas in the Salon, with its austere formalism, shows the trend to the classic obtaining ever in Paris

"BETTY," BY DOD PROCTOR: One of the new canvases shown by the leader of the Newlyn School at the Leicester Galleries

"THE DIVER" BY CARLO SBISA

The Venice International Exhibition was opened by the King on April 28. The British pavilion is, for the first time, under the charge of the British Government and is in the care of the Overseas Board of Trade. Sir Ronald Graham inaugurated this pavilion, and the Crown Prince of Denmark the new Danish pavilion. In the Italian pavilion a large room is filled with the pictures of Boldini, the fashionable painter of two or three generations ago. Austria has been lent the German pavilion and here the paintings of Kokschka are on view as well as Ehrlich's sculpture, and a few decorative objects by Paris Gütersloh. In the pavilion of the U.R.S.S. twenty-eight artists are showing 134 works of art. Switzerland and Poland as well as Denmark have a pavilion for the first time. The greatest interest is being taken in the British pavilion where pictures by Clausen, John, Connard, Munnings, etc., are hung, set off by sculpture by Eric Gill, Dobson, and Skeaping

FRESCOES ON A STATION: The gigantic mural decorations by Rudolf Stolz *(see above at work)* in the *bahnhof* at Innsbruck. Their size is extraordinary

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

"BATHING NYMPH" BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER: This fine example of the eighteenth century artist's work, whose early history, save that it came from a German collection, is unknown, has recently been bought by the Art Institute of Chicago through the Mead Fund

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THE NEED for the ANTIQUE in FURNITURE

Where and What to Buy in a Period Offering Exceptional Variety of Choice

REDOLENT OF THE BAROQUE: A gilded sofa with mythological Aubusson scenes both on the sofa itself and its companion chairs

There is a subtle charm about antique furniture which no modern piece, however beautiful, can possess. Part of this charm consists in an aroma of history and a sense of the Past. To certain minds and temperaments —in fact, one might say to certain moods —this surrounding of the Present with the physical environment of the Past is a mental necessity. The clean shear lines of modern work, with its glittering alliance to the inevitableness of stainless steel, is a challenge to the Future best suited to the vigorous hours of the day. Seated on an elegant Aubusson sofa, such as the one seen here with its accompanying garniture of contemporary armchairs, one literally reposes on the Past, and how comforting that can be after the walnut has opened its shelly casket, and the wines of Spain, France or Germany have done their beneficent work!

WILLIAM AND MARY: A tall case clock of walnut, beautifully inlaid with panels of floral marquetry. The brass dial is fitted with a calendar and a second hand, and has finely chased spandrels. Dated 1698, it stands 6 ft. 9 in. and comes from Hamptons

And what a satisfying period this eighteenth century epoch is in which to reside mentally during the hours of ease! It was an age of stately homes, of splendid dress, of an elegance proof against monotony, by a ceaseless change of fashion, and it is possible to-day to gather together and surround oneself with the atmosphere of this delightful century by reason of the number of veritable pieces which are available at the choice of the purchaser or collector at the present time. Not for a very long period has his choice been so wide. At the great furnishing houses and in the big salerooms there is a wealth of material at hand. It is a pleasurable task to detail some of the finer specimens here.

Take, for instance, this delightful William and Mary clock, made perhaps a few years earlier than our actual century, but any period room can fittingly hold any objects earlier than its own date. These beautiful pillar-like clocks were a direct importation from Holland. This particular example has a rich sobriety of design which will commend itself to those knowledgeable in the matter of clocks. The case is of walnut, charmingly inlaid with panels of floral marquetry, and the brass dial is fitted with a calendar and second hand.

A beautiful piece, redolent of the spirit of the later part of the eighteenth century, is illustrated here. It is an old Hepplewhite sideboard, made of serpentine mahogany. It has the deep side drawers of a piece of this description, with the shallower central drawer, above which appears an elegant urn of old Sheffield plate which sits remarkably well on the polished top of this attractive piece. It was probably completed in the eventful year of 1780, when the Gordon riots had very much disturbed the even tenor of London ways.

HEPPLEWHITE: A mahogany serpentine sideboard dated 1780 on which stand an urn and a pair of entrée dishes in old Sheffield plate. From M. Harris and Sons

At certain periods of the eighteenth century, the influence of the architect is visible in many of the larger pieces of furniture, especially those designed for standing against a wall. It is noticeable in the finely proportioned eighteenth-century mahogany bookcase shown here. The upper portion of the design showing a split pediment is, of course, of obvious architectural inspiration, and the clean balanced lines of the rest of the structure suggest an almost direct Adam inspiration.

So customary is it to associate the name of Thomas Chippendale with everything mahogany emanating from the eighteenth century that it is well to remember that his influence on the century did not begin till about 1745. Up to that period there had been a war between competing fashions in furniture. There had been no direct patronage from the newly implanted House of Hanover to encourage native style, so for about thirty years a somewhat chaotic style existed until the great furniture master, Thomas Chippendale, appears on the scene and, with his genius for the fashioning of wood, dominated the world of taste of his day.

Some very fine examples of his works will shortly appear in the salerooms. Reproduced here is a beautifully-balanced mahogany side-table which is well worthy of the attention of the snapper-up of fine things. Running round the top is a line of acanthus foliage; the table is supported on cabriole legs, carved at the knees with shells, wave ornament, and acanthus foliage.

A modern aid to the effective fashioning of an eighteenth-century room will be found in the delightful printed linens to be obtained to-day. Some of these are produced either as distinct replicas or as close adaptations of eighteenth-century designs. One illustrated here is taken from a crewel-work bedspread of the period. The design is composed of a repeating series of kingfishers poised on branches and floral and leafy devices carried out in chintz tones on a green or a natural ground.

KINGFISHER PRINTED LINEN: An attractive eighteenth century design taken from a crewel-work bedspread of the period. This design is exclusive to Harvey Nichols

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A beautifully proportioned mahogany bureau bookcase whose architectural pediment is surmounted by a finely carved urn. The doors are fitted with mirror panels and embellished with moulded astragals. From Harrods

Two remarkable collections illustrating the art of the potter have been engaging the attention of the collector at Messrs. Sotheby's in New Bond Street. One which has just been dispersed this week included a remarkable collection of Kang-hsi enamel porcelain. Among the porcelain, enamelled on the biscuit of the Ching dynasty, was a fine pair of hounds seated upon their haunches with bared teeth. They were covered with a dark aubergine glaze. There were several interesting figures of this same Ching dynasty period, the really outstanding piece being a fine Fukien seated Buddha, in a semi-kneeling position, the hands being folded over the one raised knee. Part of loose robe falls over the right shoulder. The face shows a moustache and beard; the whole figure is emaciated. It was exhibited at Berlinin 1929.

There will be dispersed on June 8 an extensive collection of Italian majolica belonging to Herr Kurt Glogowski of Berlin. There are several bronzes and statuary in the same collection. The painted Albarellos will doubtless prove very attractive — these have portraits of young men and girls painted upon them forming the most intriguing records of the costumes of the day. The one illustrated here is a fine portrait example with a massive cylindrical form — the portraits of a young girl and man appear in profile, facing each other, with a vase and three carnations appearing between them. The youth wears a jaunty cap over his Florentine locks, the maid has her hair arranged in big rolls, and around her tall neck is fastened a little band. This Albarello comes from Faenza and dates from about 1470 to 1480.

CHIPPENDALE AT CHRISTIE'S: A Chippendale mahogany side-table. The border to the top is carved with acanthus foliage: the border to the frieze with rosettes and ribands. It is supported on cabriole legs carved at the knees with shells, wave ornament, and acanthus foliage, terminating in lion's claw and ball feet. It will be sold in the May 23-25 sale

TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: A painted Albarello dating back to the decade 1470-80. Tuck jars are decorated with the portraits of the youth of both sexes. This example comes from Faenza

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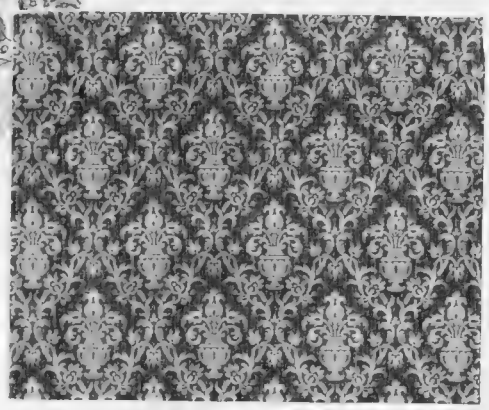

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ANTIQUE FURNITURE

BOOKS *(Continued from p. 230)*

Apocalypse and forces upon it the most ludicrous interpretation. The chief interest becomes the agility with which Lawrence juggles with an idea. He had not the slightest sense of proportion or mental discipline, but he had a chaotic force of creation that welled up whenever he contemplated the present state of society.

"Men have been depressed now for many years in their male and splendid selves, depressed into dejection and almost into abjection . . . the community is inhuman, and less than human. It becomes at last the most dangerous, because bloodless and insentient, tyrant." The amount of wrong-headed thinking in that paragraph supplies the key to the fallacy at the root of all of Lawrence's violent propaganda.

In a batch of six novels there is one which leads all the rest by the quality of the writing and the fresh creative gift of its author. This is *A Wife and Child*, by Eleanor Reid (Benn. 7s. 6d.). It is the story of a man who marries his social inferior. After his death, the widow with her child comes back to his people in England. The theme is slight enough but Miss Reid proves once more that any theme is strong enough for a writer with the ability to create character. This is a most excellent and human piece of construction, with shrewdness and humour delightfully balanced. Apart from its ability to grip the interest there are passages of profound and beautiful discernment.

Mr. R. H. Mottram is a writer who always takes his time. You never find his characters in a hurry. He is a tranquil observer of tranquil people. For this reason I always regard him as a Victorian writer. The radio, jazz, and the two-seater are severely kept outside his consciousness, he soothes one and refrains from excitement. *Home for the Holidays* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) tells us of the advent of an intellectual young man into a normal country home. He wrecks the heart of the daughter of the house, but vengeance comes in the form of an aunt, who is an actress, and snatches the young man away, one hopes, to destroy him in turn. It is a gentle, smooth story, refreshing as the spring rain.

We go from tranquillity to noise, roar of engines, screaming excitement of race tracks, the grand assault on the ear drums of the modern generation, in *All Out* by the Earl of Cottenham (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). It is all very well done. Speed-maniacs will get the thrill they seek in these vigorous pages, which include quite a skilfully woven story as a background to the excellent racing scenes.

Arthur Schnitzler's last work, *Flight into Darkness* (Cassell. 6s.), is a small study of the persecution mania. The thinness of the partition between sanity and insanity is truly terrifying. In *Solitaire* by Brysson Morrison (Murray. 7s. 6d.) the authoress returns to the story of Mary Queen of Scots, keeping strictly to historical fact. *The Loose Rib* by Austen Allen (Bles. 7s. 6d.) is the latest addition to his mystery stories which readers of *Live Wire* will welcome.

CONTINUATIONS

PROPPING UP GERMANY'S FRONTIERS *(Continued from p. 226)*

of political bias. The organization of the S.A., and the S.S., was on the lines of the old Imperial army, and the two forces, comprising between three and four hundred thousand men, were in every respect an army. It is almost incredible that such an organization should have existed for so long, and so openly, in a modern State. Its dissolution by the Reich should have important consequences in the discussion at Geneva of Germany's claim for equality.

I have only been able to touch upon a very few aspects of the so-called military preparations of Germany. My considered opinion is that it is largely a matter of organization. Germany is a great organizing country. It is a characteristic of the people that they must belong to some group of their fellow-countrymen, and submit themselves to some kind of discipline in the pursuit of some kind of national aim. That these organizations should grow rapidly, and should assume military character, is inherent in the conditions which Germany has had to face since the War. It is no use throwing stones at the country because of these things.

There is, moreover, no reason why the Reichswehr should not consist of picked men, each capable of assuming officer's rank at a moment's notice. There is no reason for foreign interference in a purely domestic matter, such as the patriotic organizations. There is, in short, no reason why the technical and physical efficiency of the Reich should not be maintained as near to perfection as possible. On the other hand, there is every reason, if not to justify it, at least to encourage it.

It is difficult for English people, with their comparative security and simplified problems of statesmanship, to realize the state of mind induced in a whole people, from the street labourer to the highest in the land, by international questions which seem to us remote and academic, and, in any case, better left to the consideration of experts alone. We find it difficult, for example, to understand why the French should be so terrified of Germany, and why the Germans should be so terrified of all their neighbours. But there is, alas! plenty of cause for the fears each one feels. France, with her treaties, and the most powerful army in Europe, is to some extent secured against her anxieties. Not so Germany. Look at the map of Europe and observe the ambitious States which crowd the German frontiers. These States are far from being disarmed. They are, in fact, armed to the teeth.

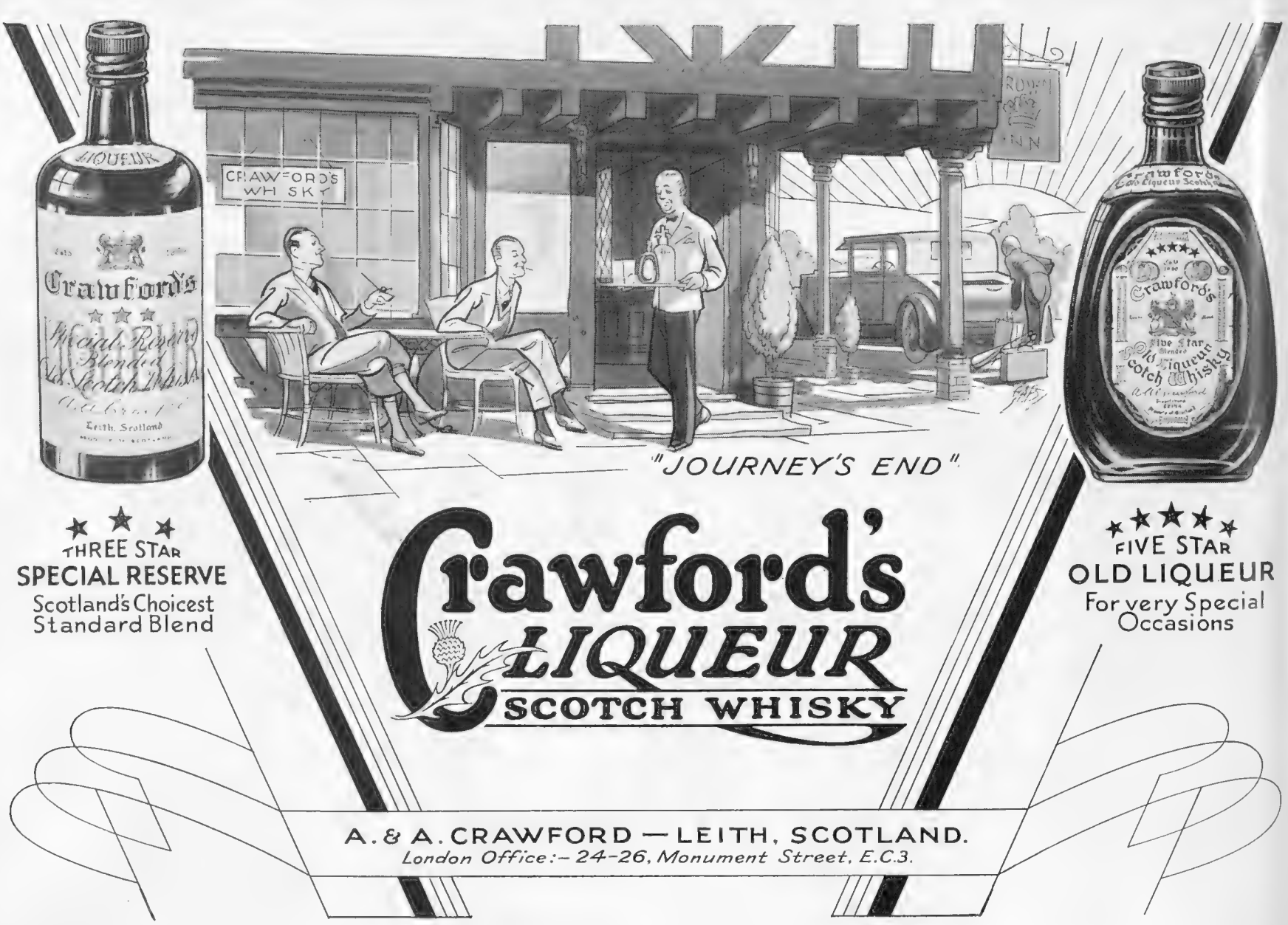
"We are surrounded by hostile influences," said a member of the Reichstag in a recent conversation, "and all of them are leaning their weight against the boundary fence of Germany. If we are not given the right to prop up that fence, no one need be surprised if it gives way."

Of course, there are ways and means to prop up the fence without adhering too strictly to the conventional methods contemplated in the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. That being so, the German is sure to discover them. He is no fool. The Treaty of Versailles made the mistake of assuming that he is; but the Treaty of Versailles is a naïve, simple-hearted document, whichever way you look at it. It is loved no longer by anyone except France, who displays a perverted fidelity characteristic in a land of grotesque amours, and is positively despised by Germany, which is a pity, because what with the fierce affection of France and the equally fierce hatred of Germany, the poor Treaty of Versailles gets nobody anywhere.

One of the results of that Treaty has been the national humiliation of Germany, partly through the military clauses, which, by an odd assumption that the disarmament of one of the belligerents of 1914 would assure future peace to the rest of Europe, insisted upon a defenceless Germany whilst allowing that country's potential enemies to amass armaments on a scale hitherto unknown.

Disarm, by all means! But let the basis have some resemblance to equality. Even the Germans are not such fools that they wish to arm for the sake of aggression, or for that revenge which they are accused of contemplating. The Germans are as sick of war as anyone else. But if there is a tacit understanding among the whole German people that the nation must maintain its military character, it is, I believe, chiefly because, whichever way they look they are confronted by a bristling array of armed battalions.

Is it any wonder if Germany feels uneasy? Is it any wonder if she looks for, and finds, a means to outwit the restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. Is it any wonder if the German, in his heart, harbours a feeling of intense resentment against his so-called oppressors, and concentrates that resentment against one country, France? And is it any wonder if the French, for their part, continue suspicious of that monstrous Germania so dear to the hearts of French cartoonists even in peace-time?



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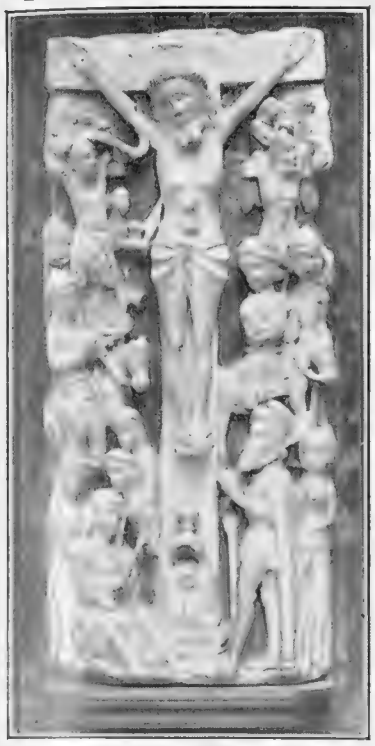

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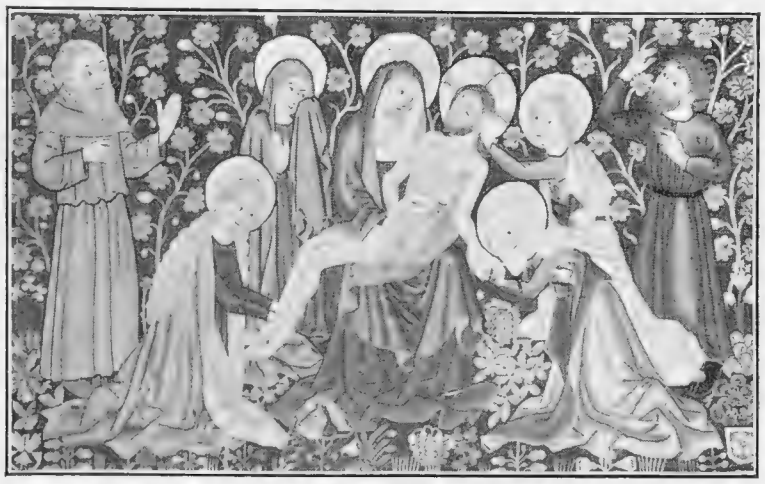

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THE NORTH COAST OF DEVON: Lantern Hill and the harbour of Ilfracombe

A FAMOUS RIFT: The Cheddar Gorge

The South Coast and West Country offer an extraordinarily equable climate with a warmth which, though far from being oppressive, is more reminiscent of the Mediterranean littoral at its best. North Wales resorts are so sheltered by encircling mountains that the tonic atmosphere is tempered to an agreeable warmth by the action of the sun, and the East Coast has a gloriously invigorating climate where the ozone-laden sea breezes have full play across the low-lying Norfolk Broads and Fen Country.

The West Country has an infinite variety of interest and beauty to offer the holiday-maker, each of the three counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall sharing an ability to charm every visitor, and yet having an individuality which is as strongly marked as it is wholly delightful.

ON THE BRISTOL CHANNEL: The putting green at Weston-super-Mare

Somerset has a serene and peaceful loveliness. Its towns and villages have the gracious charm inseparable from places where a long and vivid history is made manifest in age-old buildings and old-world streets. Even such a modern town as Weston-super-Mare, the largest seaside resort between Lancashire and Land's End, is invested with the dignity of a site on which the prehistoric Britons once had a large and thriving settlement, whilst the majority of the other towns on the coast have existed uninterruptedly from the earliest times. Clevedon, rich in literary associations, is clustered round a lovely old manor house which dates back to the reign of the second Edward: delightful little Portishead was known to the Romans, and Burnham has a thirteenth-century Parish Church to hint at its antiquity. Gay, joyously healthy Weston-super-Mare, and these scarcely less popular neighbours, also within easy reach of such enchanting lovely scenery as that at Wookey Hole, Ebbor Gorge, and Brockley Combe, and of the splendid Cheddar Gorge, the wonderful old cathedral town of Wells, and the exquisite ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Minehead, famous both as a holiday resort and a hunting centre, or the quaint little port of Watchet, can be made the headquarters for the rich beauty of the Quantocks and for Exmoor.

THE LINCOLN COAST: Boating lake and Axenstrasse, Skegness

Devon has an extraordinarily brilliant colouring, and its eventful history is filled with tales of sea-kings and explorers. Many of its towns have had a long existence, but Torquay, loveliest of seaside resorts, has grown from a cluster of houses to an enormously large and widespread town in less than a hundred years. It has such a power to charm with its colourful beauty, and its seemingly endless round of amusements, that its popularity is still on the increase. Paignton, a family resort which provides for its visitors every amenity, from a permanent Zoo to an annual regatta, has a rival in its own sphere of attractiveness. Teignmouth and Dawlish, delightful little towns where the pursuit of health and pleasure goes hand in hand; Brixham, the fishing village which is popular with those in search of unspoiled picturesqueness; and Plymouth, the greatest port of Devon and the centre for innumerable tours, are but a few of the many delightful resorts to be found on the South Devon coast, where secluded little villages tucked away in exquisitely lovely river valleys and estuaries also tempt those in search of a quiet holiday. On the North Devon coast Ilfracombe, gay and lovely, is by far the largest town, with such haunts of beauty as Lynton, Lynmouth, and Clovelly to make up the full tale of Devon's enchantment.

NORFOLK CHARM: Pull Ferry, Norwich

Cornwall is different again — rich in scenery of an awe-inspiring grandeur, with immense granite cliffs which are softened by the friendly, intimate charm of quaintly picturesque towns and villages. Each seaside town in Cornwall has an individuality of setting which enhances its attractions. Fowey is terraced on the steep banks of the river. St. Austell lies a little inland from a vast bay. Falmouth is set on an estuary which penetrates far inland like a miniature fjord. Penzance gazes seaward across lovely Mount's Bay to the jewel-like St. Michael's Mount. St. Ives climbs the cliffs above twin bathing beaches, and the popular resort of Newquay is breezily set on magnificent cliffs 300 ft. above a glorious expanse of sands.

Some Resorts in England and Wales

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Though the West Country can offer such a wonderful variety of scenery, it is to North Wales that the holiday-maker in search of mountains must go. There the whole country is covered with range after range of splendid mountain peaks, which hide enchanting valleys, and reach from the Welsh Marches to the very shores of the sea. Though much of this district is comparable only with the Highlands of Scotland in its wild solitudes, the coast has many a friendly town, and such wide, invitingly rich pastoral valleys as the Vale of Festiniog are presided over by towns which offer a delightful hospitality to sportsmen, tourists, and holiday-makers.

Rhyl, which has a well-deserved reputation for bracing air, stands at the sea-ward end of the fair Vale of Clwyd, and is rapidly developing as a family resort. Colwyn Bay is, of course, a resort whose popularity is of long standing. It is set on a great bay, and is backed by lovely woodlands, which add their natural charm to the innumerable amenities of the town. Llandudno, probably the best-known of all the North Wales resorts, originated solely as a holiday town, and since its foundation over eighty years ago, every innovation and extension has been undertaken with the idea of increasing the welfare and happiness of its visitors. It is built on a mile-wide promontory between two huge bays, and is protected from cold winds by Great Orme's Head.

Conway, dominated by its beautiful old castle, and Caernarvon, in whose ancient fortress the heirs to the English throne are invested as Princes of Wales, are towns of more than common interest; Bangor, the Cathedral town which is linked to the Isle of Anglesey by road, railway, and ferry across the Menai Straits; and the lovely, secluded little resorts of the Lleyn Peninsula, can all be made centres for Snowdon, the highest mountain of Wales and England, and for a district which includes the passes of Llanberis and Aberglaslyn.

TALL SHIPS, in Poole Harbour, Dorset

In strong contrast to this mountainous region, the East Coast has a close kinship with Holland in the low-lying Fen country and the famous yachting district of the Norfolk Broads. There are over 200 miles of navigable waterways in Broadland, which are the chief haunt of the yachtsmen of England and which, contrary to the prevalent belief, are no less fascinating to those who prefer to explore on foot or by bicycle. Hunstanton is one of the most popular of the East Anglian resorts. Its fame as a golfing resort would alone be sufficient to attract visitors, but in addition its great chalk cliffs make a splendidly breezy promenade, while the beach is beautifully sheltered for bathing. Sheringham, one of the most delightful places on the Norfolk coast, has a fine golf course, a good bathing beach, and many fascinating rock-pools which are a joy to children. Cromer, though only recently developed as a holiday resort, has achieved a popularity which seems amazing to those who do not know the charm of this pretty seaside town.

SOUTH CORNISH BEAUTY: The Church steps, Fowey

CYMRIC CHARM: The harbour of Rhyl on the Flintshire coast

The Fen Country, which has far more varied scenery than is generally realized, has all the fascination of many literary and historical associations. Mablethorpe and Skegness, in addition to their more usual holiday attractions, are centres for the "Tennyson Country" and Cleethorpes, in spite of its modern appearance, is of ancient foundation, whilst Boston, the chief town of Fenland, is filled with lovely old buildings.

Many of these resorts are carrying out lavish improvements for the 1932 Summer season, though none of them on quite such an ambitious scale as the quaint old Dorset town of Poole, which has just embarked on the construction of a marine promenade and many other amenities to supplement the natural attractions of the town's medieval relics. This great natural waterway is a maze of capes, creeks, and islands extending inland for over seven miles, and is ideal for yachting and bathing. Fortunately, these plans are not to be allowed to interfere with the old-world atmosphere of the town.

Pictures by J. Dixon Scott

SOMERSET IN SUMMER: The Lake and a general view of Clevedon

FOR HOME AND FOREIGN TOURS

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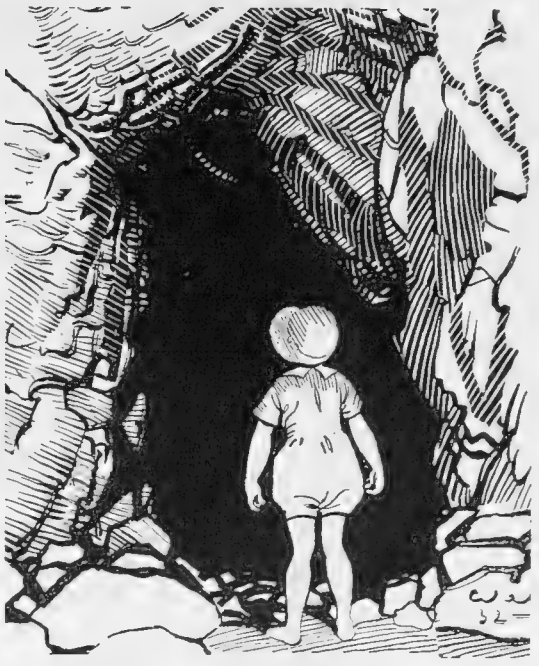
A NORTH WALES IDYLL



What a paradise North Wales is for the children! What a region of sand and rock and seaweed and rock pools all encrusted with jewels and teeming with life! When the tide comes in the children thrill at the waves advancing over the smooth sands. When it goes out they follow up with net and spade to snare the strange monsters it leaves behind.

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* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE LAW AND THE TIMES.—Surely we live in a wonderful country, for according to the ruling of the High Court in the appeal of the Automobile Association against the conviction of a motorist for conveying goods in a private car we expose ourselves to a much higher rate of taxation if we carry home in our vehicle a packet of cigarettes or a tin of sardines. I would be the last person in the world to criticize the decision of the learned judges who are responsible for this decision, but one cannot help being amazed that we should have a law in existence which makes such a ruling possible. I understand that the legal department of the A.A. is being inundated with inquiries from motorists as to their position, and I am further informed that the Association is approaching the authorities with a view to securing the necessary amendment to the law to counteract the effect of this unlooked-for decision. So far as I am concerned I will willingly undertake the risk of being prosecuted, and still continue to take my parcels and luggage with me when I go out in my car. Something must surely be wrong with our law makers if this decision is a correct interpretation of the law as it exists to-day. Unfortunately it is not the only example, for some bright genius discovered only a week or so ago that the President of the Board of Trade had no legal right to sit in Parliament at all, and was incurring very heavy monetary penalties for so doing. In his case Parliament, unlike its usual self, moved very quickly, and actually passed a Bill through all its stages in one day. Then, again, we have had the legal muddle over the opening of cinemas on Sundays. When we remember these latter two examples which, of course, have nothing to do with motoring, we must not be too surprised when we find that the law affecting motorists can give rise to such a strange position as has now taken place.

CREEPING OIL.—If there is one part of a motor-car that is always doing work and receives little or no attention, it is the familiar spring placed between the axle and the frame at each corner of the chassis. Every minute the car moves these springs are flexing, and until they start to complain of ill-treatment by squeaking the average motorist ignores them. Their protest is usually emphatic, and when it takes place the owner wonders what to do. His car may be fitted with spring gaiters, in which case he may be able to overcome the trouble by injecting a liberal supply of thin grease or oil, but in nine cases out of ten the nipple attached to the gaiter is blocked up. But more and more cars are now being turned out without gaiters, and obviously the man who applies grease or oil to the exposed surfaces and expects that treatment to produce the desired result is an optimist. The unfortunate owner who has realized the futility of this has worried his head for a long time as to what he should do. Let his worries cease; to-day he has a solution to his problem. The well-known firm of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., have just produced what is to be known as "Castrol Penetrating Oil." This is some special mixture which this well-known firm has marketed after a lengthy research and exhaustive experiments. It is a carefully-balanced mixture of refined oils and spirits, and possesses remarkable "creeping" properties. They have also had the foresight to manufacture one of the handiest oil squirts for use with this oil. When applied to the crevices between the leaves it will penetrate right along the surfaces in contact.

PILGRIMAGE: The famous cottage at Shottery, near Stratford-on-Avon, which was the home of Anne Hathaway and is more than ever the shrine of thousands of pilgrims annually. In the foreground is seen the modern pilgrim's mode of travel, a 10-25 h.p. Rover de Luxe Saloon

A CHALLENGE.—In this country we do not take much notice of motor car records which extend over twelve hours in duration, probably because that is the maximum time permitted on Brooklands track for record breaking. All kinds of fantastic records running into weeks have been established in other countries, but they are more or less ignored by our own motor trade. M. Citroën, the well-known French motor car manufacturer has, however, kindled our interest in these long duration records, firstly because a car bearing his name has, at the time of writing, been running continuously for forty-nine days at an average speed of over 64 m.p.h. Secondly, M. Citroën has offered 1,000,000 francs to anyone who before October 1, 1932, can beat the endurance record that has been set up by this car of his. Mr. Cecil Kimber, the Managing Director of the M.G. Car Company, has let it be known that he is at any rate interested in the challenge which the famous French manufacturer has issued. Mr. Kimber states that there is no foundation for the statement that Mr. Kaye Don has approached him, but at the same time he considers that maintaining a speed of 64 m.p.h. for over one month is a very fine performance and one which merits sincere congratulations. He is confident, however, that his company and other British manufacturers are capable of producing a car which can improve on the Citroën performance provided good organization is available. It is not often that a motor car manufacturer issues a challenge of this nature and it is sincerely to be hoped that at least one British firm will endeavour to beat the French figures. We must all agree with Mr. Kimber that the records set up are very impressive, but I am certain that some of our British cars can do as well, if not better.

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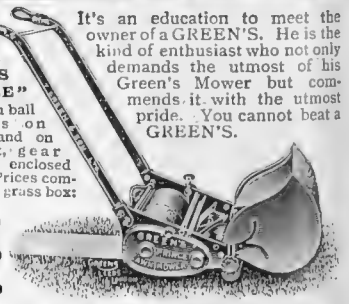

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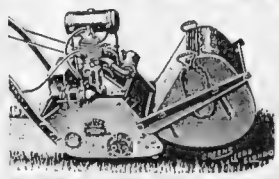

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THE GHOST OF PEACE HAUNTS THE HAGUE *(Continued from p. 223)*

approximately to neither side having to observe the Court's finding unless it wants to.

So long as these absurdities remain the World Court must be little save a costly luxury. On the morning I attended, not sixty all told were present. It was entirely impossible to imagine one had entered the Supreme Law Court. The setting was grandiose, with immense frescoes and cathedral-like stained glass; the proceedings were mediocre. I did not anticipate flashing rhetoric because I knew what to expect; I merely record. Eleven elderly men in robes filed in—a Rumanian, a Serb, Sir Cecil Hurst, Oda of Japan, Loder (the Dutch veteran), President Anzilotti of Italy (ablest jurist), Altamira of Spain, Huber of Switzerland, Mr. Kellogg, Beichmann of Germany, Dreyfus of France. They sat at a long raised desk. Before them, at a lectern, came and stood the French Agent, M. Basdevant, in his vivid red robe; and set about as if to lecture the bench. That went on interminably, three English interpreters rising in rotation and reading from shorthand notes. Near-by were the official shorthand writers. The Swiss Agent and his team faced the bench on the right, the French team were on the left. A dozen permanent officials interested in the proceedings, and a score of the general public, and one or two Press, completed the picture of the Supreme Law Court at work, thirteen years after the War, in a world simply bristling with quarrels and difficulties which could by right come before a universal tribunal such as this one was intended to be in the long, long ago of peace-making idealism.

The next case booked is for October when Denmark will claim the whole of Greenland in face of Norway's descent upon the eastern portion of those icy mountains. That will at least be a move in the right direction since countries have been known to go to war for less in the past. But when shall the Court really be allowed to get down to business and to decide such matters as Germany's right to re-arm or de Valera's right to those annuities? The latter seems to be the clearest of cases for the Court, though not the Oath. I instance the two haphazardly. All over Europe to-day circumstances are being unnaturally suppressed which should rightfully find their way to a real World Court at The Hague, as distinct from this rigid, bound, and boycotted mediocrity.

NOTES and NEWS

THE NEW CIRO'S

Ciro's, which for the past five weeks has been closed, opened again on Monday last, May 2. The visitors found that the club had been completely transformed—the old grill room gone, as were the biting caricatures of "Sem" which used to adorn the walls. It is now the club's restaurant—a most modern affair carried out from the designs of Maurice Chalom of Paris—where one can catch one's own trout in a large pool at one end.

It is to the old restaurant and balcony, however, that the most striking change has taken place. "Don," the French artist, is responsible for this, and it now resembles a fishing village with nets, sails, lobster-pots, anchors, and all the paraphernalia of the sea hanging from its ceiling, walls, and alcoves. It is very similar, in fact, to "La Boîte à Matelots," the fashionable restaurant in the Latin quarter of Paris. It is used for supper and dancing only, opening its doors at 10 p.m.

Music is supplied by Bert Firman's Matelots and the Rio Grand Bal Musette Orchestra, while a cabaret entertainment is given by the Three Beachcombers, the Rego Twins, the chanteur "Phares" from the "Boule Noire," Paris, and a troupe of French dancers who specialize in that symbol of the Gay City for a couple of generations past—the Can-can.

WARNING TO MOTORISTS

More motorists risk damage to their cars at this time of year than any other. "The change-over from winter to spring," said an official of Shell and B.P., Ltd., a few days ago, "is the time when careless motorists shorten the lives of their cars far more effectively than they ever do by grinding gears or driving carelessly. It is all a matter of lubrication." A number of garage proprietors in and around London said that many motorists were content to add a quart or so of summer oil to that already in the sump, whereas the real economy is to empty it altogether of the diluted winter oil and then refill it with one of the heavier grades intended for summer use. As it is more difficult to start a car in winter motorists flood their carburettors, or by the prolonged use of the choke introduce an excessive amount of raw petrol into their cylinders in order to obtain a quick start. Some of this petrol percolates past the piston rings into the sump, thus diluting the oil—sometimes by as much as 15 per cent. in the course of a week. This dilution naturally impairs the efficiency of the oil, and the resultant defective lubrication imposes a greater strain on the engine, considerably increasing wear and tear on its vital parts.

"It is no trouble to drain the sump of winter oil and to refill with some well-known brand," said the manager of one of the largest London garages. "It is most certainly an economy, for it will prevent endless small repairs having to be put in hand, and will lengthen the life of the car very considerably. Owner-drivers do not as a whole take enough pride in their cars, believing that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over. There is no bigger mistake in motoring."

LINGERIE RIBBONS

The famous firm of Cash has just issued a brochure to draw attention to a special type of ribbon they are producing. This ribbon is woven in a particular fashion so as to stand the strain of vigorous exercise, and not to break or fray. The ribbons, in various widths, are obtainable in white, blue, heliotrope, beige, eau-de-nil, peach, maize, ivory, and black.

The brochure displays, by means of samples, the various shades and diverse patterns available. These range from plain double satin ribbons to ribbons with a crêpe appearance, ribbons with diamond pattern, ribbons with parallel wavy lines, ribbons with conventional designs, ribbons with flower embellishments, and even ribbons specially constructed for tropical and sports wear.

In fact there is no type of lingerie ribbon that is not available in the Cash range. All these ribbons are washable and, which is an additional attraction in these days of a newly awakened patriotism, they are British throughout, being made by British workers at the Cash factory at Coventry. A copy of the brochure will be forwarded on receipt of a request sent to J. & J. Cash, Ltd., Coventry.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The *Arethusa* Training Ship has recently admitted a most interesting recruit. He is one of eight who have all been living in half a railway carriage, and yet the boy's first ride in a train was when he came to London to be admitted. The boy's father, a traction engine driver, is unemployed, having lost an eye through accident. His unemployment insurance has run out, and 30s. a week from the Public Assistance Committee is the full extent of the family purse. What a chance this boy will have on the *Arethusa!* Funds are much needed to help carry on this work. Address—164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

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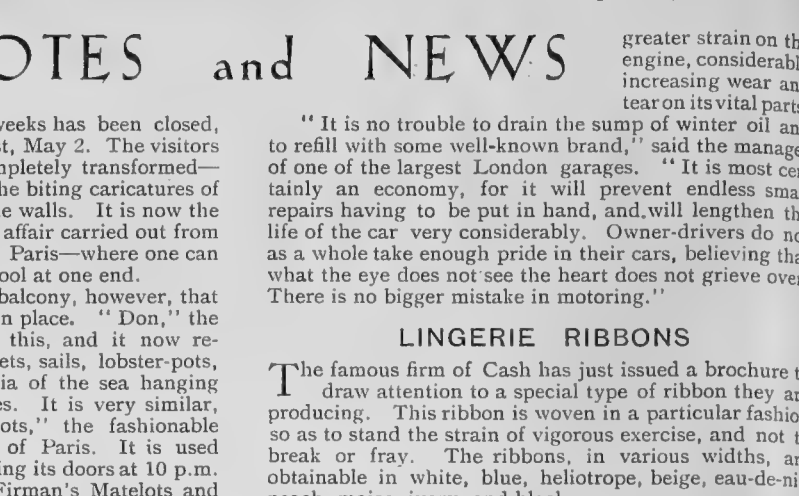

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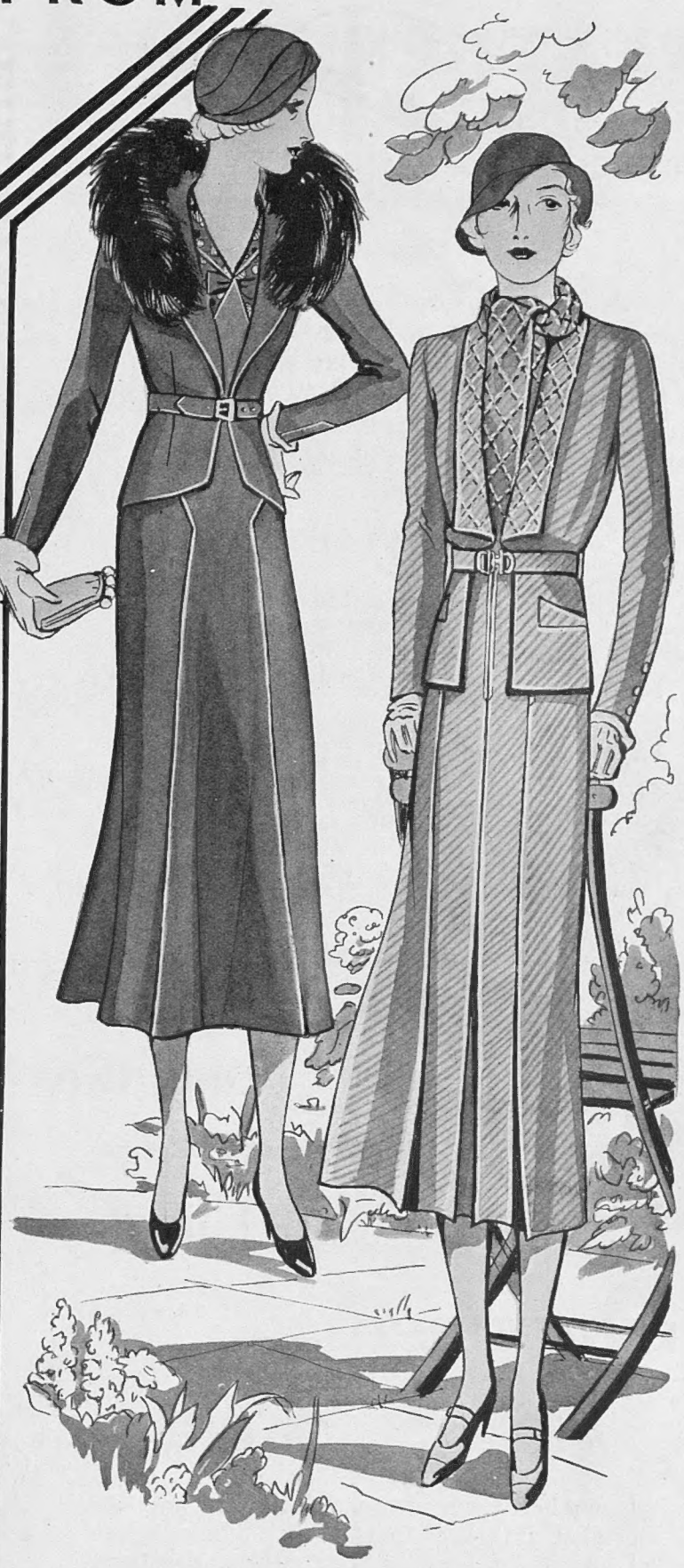

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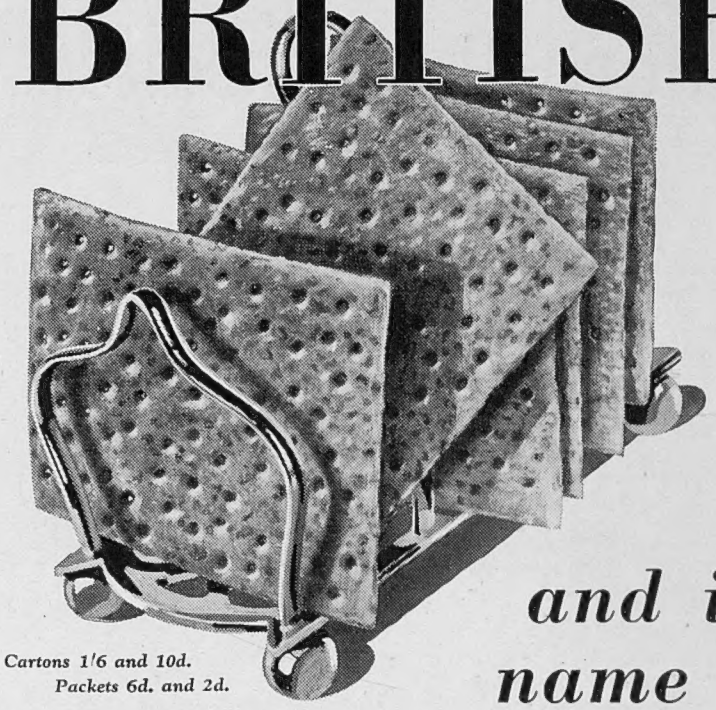

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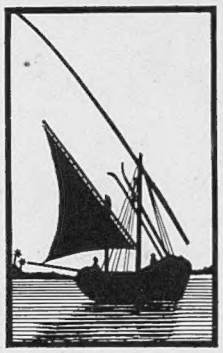

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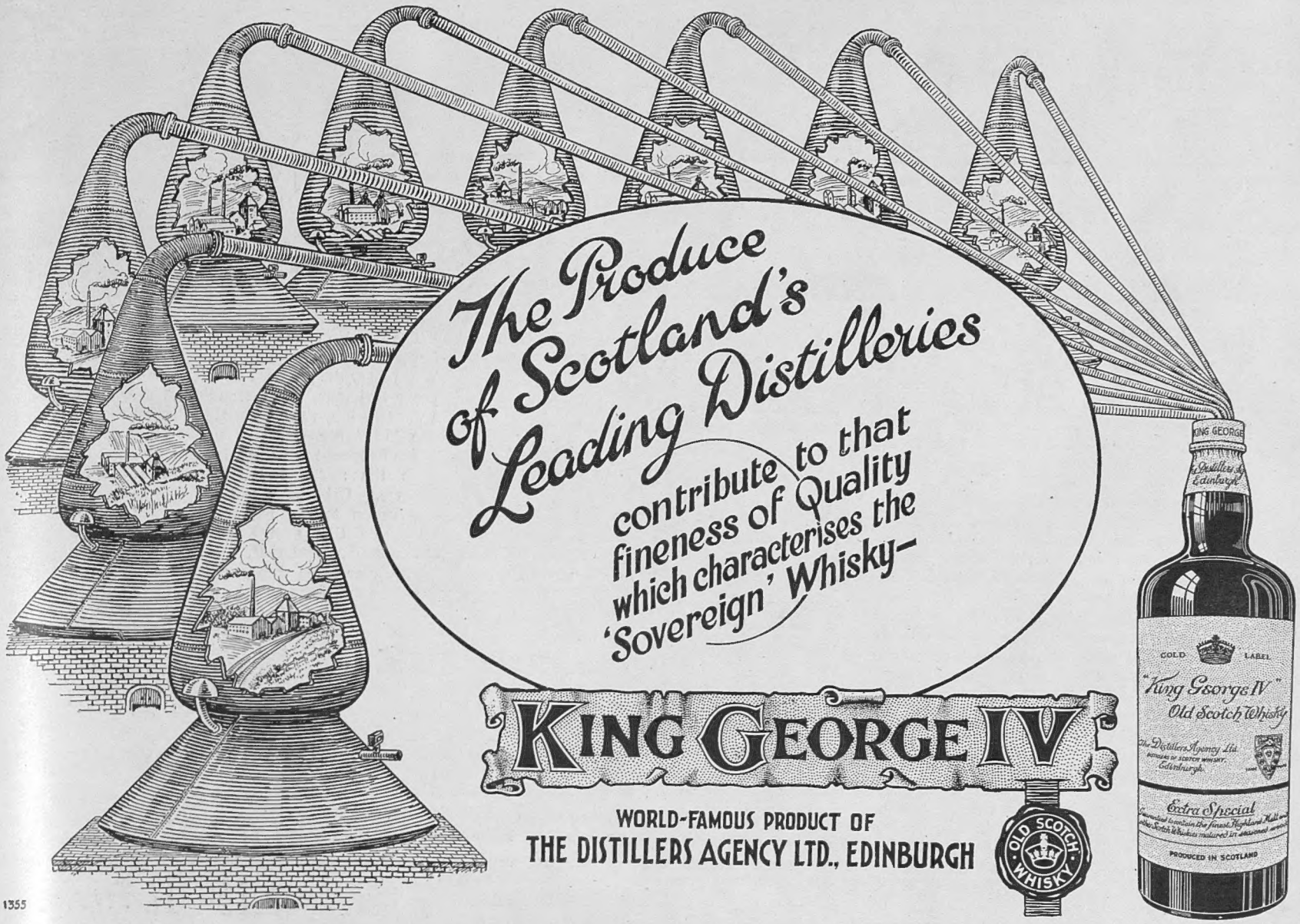

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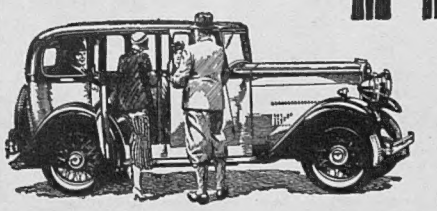

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START THESE STORIES . . .

and you'll find it hard to stop.

" I once saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. ' Cuties ' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has ' nothing on ' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now ' red-hot Mommas '), Anthony Comstocks, ' leg-shows,' Salvation Army shelters, ballrooms of the ' Four Hundred,' ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demi-mondaines, and ' three-quarter virgins.'

And I have paid the price—oh, my God ! how have I not paid !

I enter the wickedly snug bachelor quarters of the little wild-eyed man who is perhaps the world's first dramatic critic. . . ."

In " CUPID, ' CUTIES ' AND CUTICLE ! " by Shaw Desmond.

" A white rat ; that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class ; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in any one of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright. . ."

In "THE WHITE RAT," by Geoffrey Moss.

" The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers, but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two ' big ' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time : ' Hell Divers ' and ' Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally ' fall for ' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about : men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor. . ."

In " THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.

GIVEN AWAY with this issue

This fine signed Portrait of CLARK GABLE

There are these, too, in . . .

" ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN "
by C. Fox Smith
" HANDCUFFS " *by Louis Kaye*
" AMONG THE MORMONS IN SALT LAKE CITY," *by Harold J. Shepstone*
" NIGHT LIFE AT THE ZOO "
by E. G. Boulenger
" BIG BUSINESS," *by Gordon Beckles*
" EIGHT YEAR LIMIT "
by Mollie Panter Downes
" QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO "
by F. Matania, R.I.
" OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE "
by Hannen Swaffer
BOOKS : *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
" RED SUNSET LAND "
by Beatrice Grimshaw
" A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY "
by Winifred Lewis
" THE CONVERSION OF GENISTA "
by Owen Archer
" NOW LOOK AT SWEDEN "
WHAT TO WEAR IN THE MORNINGS
A CHOICE OF AFTERNOON COSTUMES
SMART FASHIONS FOR THE BEACH
" A NEO-VICTORIAN FLAT "
by Antonia White
A SUMMER DRESS AND COAT
" MODERN PATCHWORK "
by Olive Rinder
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
" THOSE CHILDISH COMPLAINTS "
by Peggy Winefred Yeomans
" ENTERTAINING IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER " *by A. H. Adair*

THE MAY BRITANNIA AND EVE

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